

R

R E

"I will
understand

P

Herald and

THE
REVIVALIST:

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

REV. JAMES SMITH

"I will sing with the *spirit*, and I will sing with the
understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv, 15.

PUBLISHED FOR THE COMPILER
BY

Herald and Prototype Printing Establishment, Dundas Street,

1870.

*London
Ont*

This Hymn Book has been published to meet a want which the compiler has felt during the course of his evangelistic labors. The collection has been made with great care, and from the best sources to which he could gain access, and it is hoped will answer the end he has had in view. He has endeavored to maintain throughout, uniformity of teaching on the great essentials of the Gospel, carefully excluding everything that goes to derogate from the glory of the PERSON and WORK of the SAVIOUR as the alone object of the sinner's trust. He has also kept in view the perfectness of the believer's present standing in the risen Jesus, together with His sure and inalienable hope of "the glory to be revealed."

The Book is now sent forth with the earnest prayer that it may be owned by Him whose glory it is designed to promote, in ministering to the comfort of His people, and leading sinners, under a consciousness of their guilt, to the feet of Jesus.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE POWER, AND RICHES, AND WISDOM, AND STRENGTH, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND BLESSING."—Rev. v: 12.

HYMNS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Name high over all, (C. M.)
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
6. Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

HYMNS

2
THERE is life for a look at the crucified One! (P. M.)
There is life at this moment for Thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

2 Oh, why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-
cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him then believe, and a pardon receive,
For His blood now can make thee quite
whole.

4 We are healed by His stripes; wouldst
thou add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made;
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on,
Oh couldst thou be better arrayed?

5 Oh! take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

6 There is life for a look at the crucified One!
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.

HYMNS

3

(6.7's)

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun;
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinching heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise.
Sweet as harps' melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

4

(C. M.)

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

HYMNS

4 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

6 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

3 ————— (L. M.)

JESUS and shall it ever be;
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame—
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;

HYMNS

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

6 (P. M.)

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake,

Jesus, our Lord, is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light.
Yours is the glory bright
Wake, brethren, wake.

- 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch,
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though he tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

- 3 Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all,
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor will afford,
Yours is a sure reward,
Work, brethren, work!

HYMNS

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
 Pray, brethren, pray!
 Would ye His heart rejoice?
 Pray, brethren, pray!
 Sin calls for constant fear,
 Weakness needs the strong One near,
 Long as ye struggle here,
 Pray, brethren, pray!

5 Now sound the final chord.
 Praise, brethren, praise!
 Thrice holy is our Lord.
 Praise, brethren, praise!
 What more befits the tongues,
 Soon to learn the angels' songs,
 While heaven the note prolongs?
 Praise, brethren, praise.

(C. M.)

7 **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one lay down,
 Thy head upon my breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

HYMNS

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light ;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy days be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star and sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

8

(L. M.)

O H! do not let the word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the light ;
 Poor sinner harden not thy heart—
 Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
 To bless thy long delayed sight!
 This is the time. Oh, then be wise—
 Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will—
 Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give ;
 It has no new, no pure delight ;
 Oh! come to Jesus now and live—
 Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite ;
 Then be the work of grace begun—
 Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

HYMNS

9

(C. M.)

JESUS, how much Thy name unfolds
 To every open'd ear!
 The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
 None other half so dear.

2 "Jesus"—it speaks a life of love
 And sorrows meekly borne.
 It tells of sympathy above
 In all that makes us mourn.

3 It speaks of righteousness complete,
 Of holiness to God;
 And to our ears no truth so sweet
 As Thine atoning blood.

4 The mention of Thy name shall bow
 Our hearts to worship Thee;
 The chiefest of ten thousand, Thou,
 The chief of sinners, we.

10

(P. M.)

—

BEHOLD! Behold! the Lamb of God,
 [On the cross.
 For us He shed his precious blood, On the cross
 Oh, hear his all important cry.
 "Eli, lama sabachthani!" [cross.
 Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the
 2 Behold his arms extended wide, On the cross.
 Behold his bleeding hands and side, On the
 The sun withholds his rays of light; [cross.
 The heavens are cloth'd in shades of night,
 While Jesus does with devils fight, On the
 cross.

8

HYMNS

3 Come, ~~singers~~, see Him lifted up, On the
cross.

He drinks for you the bitter cup, On the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the
Yea, this my constant theme shall be, [cross.
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me, On the cross.

5 Let every mourner rise and cling, To the
cross.

Let every Christian come and sing, Round the
There let the preacher take his stand, [cross.
And with the Bible in his hand, [the cross.
Go, preach the doctrine through the land, Of

11 ————— (6's & 4's)

NEARER, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

HYMNS

3 There let my way appear
Steps into heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

(L.M.)

12 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glory ring;
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna to the Lamb
of God.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes come to crown His head;
His name like incense sweet shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

HYMNS

- 4 Where He displays His healing power
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In Him the sons of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

13

(8's & 7's)

SHALL we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God ?

CHORUS.

Yes ; we'll gather at the river—
 The beautiful, the beautiful river ;
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever
 All the happy golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we ev'ry burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face ;
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

HYMNS

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river ;
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

14

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus, for I am (7-6's.)
 full of sin ; [within.
 My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead
 I need the cleansing fountain, where I can
 always flee—
 The blood of Christ most precious, the
 sinner's only plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus, for I am very
 poor ;

A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly
 store.

I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my [way ;
 To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my
 strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus, for I am very
 blind ; [evil mind,

A weak and foolish wanderer, with a dark and
 I need Thy cheering presence, to tread the
 thorny road ; [to God.

To guide me safe to glory, to bring me home

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus, I need Thee
 day by day, [my way ;

To fill me with Thy fulness to lead me on
 I need the Holy Spirit, to teach me what I am,
 To show me more of Jesus, to point me to
 the Lamb.

12

HYMNS

5 I need Thee, precious Jesus, and hope to
 see Thee soon,
 Encircled with Thy glory, and seated on Thy
 throne;
 There with Thy blood-bought children, my
 joy shall ever be,
 To sing Thy praise, O, Jesus; to gaze, my
 Lord, on Thee.

15 (C. M.)
REJOICE, believer in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause His own;
 The hope that's built upon His word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm;
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting, shall not die;
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
 Faith sees Him always near;
 A guide, a glory, a defence—
 Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as He overcame,
 And triumphed once for you,
 So surely you that love his name
 Shall triumph in Him, too.

HYMNS

16

WEeping will not save me— (P. M.)
 Though my face were bathed in
 That could not allay my fears— [tears,
 Could not wash the sins of years—
 Weeping will not save me.

CHORUS.

Jesus wept and died for me;
 Jesus suffered on the tree;
 Jesus waits to make me free;
 He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
 Purest deeds that I can do,
 Holiest thoughts and feelings, too—
 Cannot form my soul anew—
 Working will not save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
 Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
 In my ear is mercy's cry;
 If I wait I can but die—
 Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
 Let me trust thy risen Son—
 Trust the work that He has done;
 To His arms, Lord, help me run—
 Faith in Christ will save me.

17

— (C. M.)
 A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I? [Jesus;
 Oh, the blood of Jesus; the precious blood of
 Oh, the blood of Jesus, it cleanses from all sin.
 14

HYMNS

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown ;
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When the Incarnate Maker died
For man, his creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

18

- [prayer !]
- SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known ;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief ;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,

15

HYMNS

I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share;
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout while passing through the air;
 Farewell, farewell sweet hour of prayer!

19 “FOREVER with the Lord!” (S. M.)
 Amen; so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word—
 'Tis immortality.

CHORUS.

Here in the body pent;
 Absent from Him I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high—
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's far seeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear.

3 Ah, then, my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love—
 The bright inheritance of saints—
 Jerusalem above.

4 Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies;
 Like Noah's dove I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

HYMNS

5 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

20 ————— (8's, 7's & 4's.)

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of sorrows" now ;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthroned Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Crown the Saviour "King of Kings !

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
Oh, what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
"King of kings, and Lord of lords !"

HYMNS

21

(8's & 7's.)

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend :
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is the station
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Flowing from his languid eye :
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constantly in faith abiding—
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy that feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

22

(8's, 7's & 4's.)

PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us :
Praise His ever-gracious name ;
Praise Him that He lives to bless us,
Now and evermore the same.
Precious Saviour !
We would all Thy love proclaim.

HYMNS

- 2 Grace it was, yea, grace abounding,
 Brought Thee down to save the lost ;
 Ye above, His throne surrounding,
 Praise Him, praise Him, all His Host.
 Saints adore Him,
 Ye are they who owe Him most.
- 3 Praise His name who died to save us ;
 'Tis by Him His people live ;
 And in Him the Father gave us
 All that boundless love could give ;
 Life eternal
 In our Saviour we receive.
- 4 Bright with all His crowns of glory,
 See the Royal Victor's brow ;
 Once for sinners marr'd and gory—
 See the Lamb exalted now ;
 While before Him
 All His ransomed people bow.
- 5 King of Kings let earth adore Him,
 High on His exalted throne ;
 Fall ye nations, fall before Him,
 And His righteous sceptre own :
 All the glory
 Be to Him and Him alone.
- 23 ————— (10's & 4's.)
OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
 We're homeward bound.
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each He bestowed,
 We're homeward bound.

HYMNS

2 We'll tell the world as we journey along
 We're homeward bound;
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng.
 We're homeward bound;
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
 Join in our number; oh! come and be blest;
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest.
 We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
 We're home at last;
 Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
 We're home at last;
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,
 Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.

24 ————— (P. M. 8's & 7's.)
COME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with His own blood.

HYMNS

- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

25 ————— (8's, 7's & 4's.)

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our Journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

- 3 If we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to thee.

26 ————— (P. M.)

WE'VE 'listed for the holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord!

HYMNS

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've 'listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!

3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!

27

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned (C. M.)
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress.
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

HYMNS

28

(P. M.)

COME, let us all unite to sing,
 God is love.
 Let heaven and earth their praises bring :
 God is love.

Let every soul from sin awake ,
 Each in his heart sweet music make,
 And sing with us for Jesus' sake,
 God is love.

2 Oh ! tell to earth's remotest bound.
 God is love.
 In Christ we have redemption found :
 God is love.

His blood has washed our sins away,
 His Spirit turned our night to day ;
 And now we can rejoice to say,
 God is love.

3 What though my heart and flesh should fail !
 God is love.
 Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail :
 God is love.

Now Jordan's bed I need not fear,
 My Saviour, He Himself was there :
 My heart in dying, He can cheer.
 God is love.

4 In glory we shall sing again,
 God is love.
 Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
 God is love.

Whilst endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heavenly throng,
 This shall be still our sweetest song,
 God is love.

HYMNS

29

FLY, ye sinners to yon mountain, (8.7.4.)
 There the purple stream doth flow,
 There you'll find an open fountain,
 That will wash you white as snow.
 Oh, come quickly, and its cleansing virtue
 know.

2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
 But to Calvary repair;
 There's a fountain for uncleanness;
 And the worst are welcome there. [share.
 Christ invites you now His pard'ning love to

3 Richly flowed the crimson river,
 When our great Redeemer died;
 And that blood will you deliver,
 Whensoever 'tis applied. [side.
 Free salvation flows from Jesu's wounded

4 Now behold Jesus expiring!
 See the suffering Lamb of God!
 And that love be much admiring
 Which appears in streams of blood,
 Trust the Saviour, trust the wondrous Lamb
 of God.

30

JUST as thou art—without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heavenly place—
 O, guilty sinner, come.

2 Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
 Trust not the world it gives no rest;
 Christ brings relief to hearts oppress—
 O, weary sinner, come.

24

HYMNS

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but worthless dross ;
His grace o'er pays all earthly loss—
O, needy sinner, come.

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;
O, trembling sinner, come.

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, come ;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come : [come.
Who faints, who thirsts, who will—may
The Saviour bids thee come.

(8.7.4.)

31 JESUS, from the Father's bosom,
Where for ever He had lain,
Came into this world of sorrow,
Came into this world of pain ;
Came to suffer.
Life for guilty man to gain.

2 Oh, what love, for God the Father,
Thus to give His only Son
To become the "Man of sorrows,"
To become the suffering One.
Love amazing,
Jesus life for sinners won !

3 Can the Father's love be doubted ?
Surely He's the God of love ?
Or he never would have given
Jesus, from His home above ;
Love, love only,
Made His heart toward us move.

HYMNS

32

(L. M.)

NOT to condemn the sons of men
 Did Christ the Son of God appear;
 No weapons in His hands are seen,
 No flaming sword or thunder there.

For rebels who had broke God's laws,
 He was condemned to set them free;
 Bore all God's vengeance on the cross,
 And nailed the curses to the tree.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent His son to bear our load
 Of sin, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in His mighty Name, and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

33

O H! What a glorious truth is this—
 Jesus died.
 Has opened up the path to bliss—

Jesus died.

God loved the world, His Son He gave,
 That all who do in Him believe
 Should a full, gracious pardon have—
 Jesus died.

2 To save my soul from death and hell.
 Such love amazing, who can tell!
 Yes, He for wretched men was slain,
 That they through Him might life obtain,
 And everlasting glory gain.

(L. M.)

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Jesus died.

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ght life obtain,

HYMNS

3 Oh! tell it unto all around,
'Tis such a precious, blessed sound,
Entreat poor sinners to rely
On that which brings the guilty nigh;
E'en to the blood of Christ to fly.

4 Soon heaven shall raise the happy song,
Which endless ages shall prolong;
By virtue of that precious blood,
Believers are brought nigh to God;
Oh, spread the glorious news abroad.

34

WHAT is the manner of God's love?
Oh, the cross! Oh, the cross!
Expressed in deeds, all words above,
On the cross! On the cross!
The world with all its wealth were vain
To cleanse the soul from sin's deep stain
Blood only could remission gain.
Oh, the cross! Oh, the cross!

2 What is the measure of God's love?
There, there he did its greatness prove;
There Jesus did His love declare,
And all our weight of judgment bare;
Oh! what can with the cross compare?

3 What is the fulness of God's love?
His love to all He there did prove,
No greater gift could He bestow
To prove His love to man below,
Than thus to let His mercy flow!

HYMNS

- 4 Thank God for such a cleansing tide
Forth streaming from the Saviour's side,
Oh that we may through all our days,
There fix our souls' most earnest gaze,
And for such love give ceaseless praise!

35

(L. M.)

AWAKE, my soul, with joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness—oh, how free!
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness—oh, how great!

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell its way oppose,
He safely leads His Church along;
His loving-kindness—oh, how strong!

- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thunder'd loud,
He with His Church has ever stood;
His loving-kindness—oh, how good!

- 5 Soon shall we mount, and soar away
To the bright realms of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMNS

36

(C. M.)

COME, ye that know the Saviour's name,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice unite
To sing—that God is love.

Till to our Father's home we go,
That sweet abode of love;
Come, raise the song we shall prolong,
Around our Lord above.

2 This precious truth His word reveals;
And all His mercies prove—
Creation and redemption join
To show that God is love.

3 His patience, bearing much and long,
With those who from Him rove,
His kindness when He leads them home,
Both mark—that God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on.
By power from heaven above;
And every step from first to last,
Declares—that God is love.

5 Oh, may we all while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till nobler songs in brighter worlds
Proclaim that God is love

37

(L. M.)

FORGIVENESS! 'twas a joyful sound
To us when lost and doomed to die:
We'd publish it the world around,
And gladly shout it through the sky.

HYMNS

Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Twas the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, effacing every crime:
Unbounded shall its glories shine,
And know no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous gift of heaven,
What grateful honors shall we show!
Where much transgression is forgiven.
May love with fervent ardor glow.

4 By love inspired, may all our days
With every heavenly grace be crown'd;
May truth and goodness, joy and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

38
NOW in a song of grateful praise, (L. M.)
To our dear Lord the voice we'll raise;
With all His saints we'll join to tell,
"Our Jesus hath done all things well."

Above the rest this note shall swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But Oh, His love!—what tongue can tell!
"Our Jesus hath done all things well."

Happy day!
 Shed my sins away;
 V to watch and pray,
 Every day.
 Happy day!
 Shed my sins away.

ove divine;
 ry crime:
 ries shine,
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(L. M.)
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wer confess,
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 gs well."

HYMNS

3 And since our souls have known His love,
 What mercies has He made us prove,
 Mercies which all our praise excel;
 "Our Jesus hath done all things well."

4 Though many fiery flaming darts
 The tempter levels at our hearts,
 With this we all His rage repel,
 "Our Jesus hath done all things well."

5 And when on that bright day we rise,
 And join the anthems of the skies,
 In ceaseless song this note shall swell,
 "Our Jesus hath done all things well."

39 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain.

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O, Love, thou bottomless abyss,
 My sins are swallowed up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 No spot of guilt remains on me. [skies,
 While Jesu's blood through earth and
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone,

Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn:
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.

HYMNS

- 4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away.
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

40

(C. M.)

THERE is a Name I love to hear;
 I love to sing its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest Name on earth.

- Jesus! it speaks a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of His precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 Jesus! the Name I love so well,
 The Name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth it's worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

- 3 This Name shall shed it's fragrance still
 Along this thorny road.
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God..

- 4 And there with all the blood-bought
 From sin and sorrow free, [throng,
 I'll sing the new eternal song
 Of Jesu's love to me.

41

(8,8,8,6.)

THE wanderer no more will roam,
 The lost one to the fold hath come,
 The prodigal is welcomed home,
 O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

32

42

T

Yet

HYMNS

2 Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father did embrace His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love has found for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

4 And now my famished soul is fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread;
O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
God put me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face.
O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

6 Not half His love can I express,
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

7 Thy precious Name it is I bear,
In Thee I am to God brought near,
And all the Father's love I share,
O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

8 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O, Lamb of God, in Thee!

(10's or 11's.)

42

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite;

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,

HYMNS

The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view, [for you.

There's a crown of bright glory awaiting

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ; [denied,

His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost ; [toss'd
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers we have a sure
Guide,

And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

43

— (L. M.)
WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Lord of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

3 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I'd sacrifice them to His blood.

HYMNS

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

44

(8,7,4.)

—

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling—
"Come, ye laden, come to Me;
I have rest and peace to offer,
Rest, thou laboring one, for thee:
Take Salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

- 2 Yes; though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear His gracious accents—
"Come, ye laden, come to Me.
Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

- 3 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message—
To the blood for refuge flee;
"Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

- 4 Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God sent free:
"Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

- N**OW may the God of peace and love, (C. M.)
 Who, from the silent grave,
 Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Omnipotent to save.
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
 Which He on Calvary spilt,
 To make the gracious work secure,
 On which our hopes are built.
- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
 To do His blessed will,
 And all that's pleasing in His sight.
 Inspire us to fulfil.
- 4 For His, the risen Shepherd's sake,
 We every blessing pray;
 With glory let His name be crowned
 Through heaven's eternal day.

- T**HY Name we love, Lord Jesus, (P. M.)
 And lowly bow before Thee;
 And while we live, to Thee we give.
 All blessing, worship, glory.
 We sing aloud Thy praises,
 Our hearts and voices blending;
 'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,
 Thy beauty's all transcending.
- 2 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus;
 It tells God's love unbounded,
 To ruined man ere time began,
 Or heaven and earth were founded.
 Thine is a love *eternal*,
 That found in us its pleasure,
 That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,
 And make us Thine own treasure.

HYMNS

- 3 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus;
 It tells Thy birth so lowly.
 Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,
 Thy lonely path, so holy,
 Thou wast the "Man of sorrows;"
 Our grief, too, though didst bear it;
 Our bitter cup Thou drankest up;
 The thorny crown—didst wear it.
- 4 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus;
 God's Lamb—Thou wast ordained
 To bear our sin (Thyself all clean),
 And hast our guilt all cancelled.
 We see Thee crowned in glory,
 Above the heavens now seated,
 The victory won, Thy work well done.
 Our righteousness completed.

- 47 **W**E must all speak for Jesus, (7,6.)
 Who hath redemption wrought,
 Who gave us peace and pardon,
 Which by His blood He bought.
 We all must speak for Jesus,
 To show how much we owe
 To Him who died to save us
 From death and endless woe.
- 2 We all must speak for Jesus,
 The aged and the young.
 With manhood's fearless accents
 With childhood's lisping tongue.
 We all must speak for Jesus,
 His people far and near,—
 The rich and poor on land and wave;
 The peasant and the peer.

HYMNS

3 We all must speak for Jesus,
Where'er our lot may fall,
To brothers, sisters, neighbors,
In cottage and in hall.

We all must speak for Jesus,
The world in darkness lies,
With Him against the mighty
Together we must rise.

4 We all must speak for Jesus,
'Twill oft'times try us sore,
But streams of grace to aid us,
Into our hearts He'll pour.
We all must speak for Jesus,
Till He shall come again,—
Proclaim His "glorious gospel,"
His Crown and endless Reign.

48

(C. M.)

FAREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth !

We've seen the Saviour's face.
Beheld Him with the eye of faith,
And know His love and grace.

2 Forth from the Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,
To face a cold, unfeeling world,
The heavenly Stranger came.

3 This earth to Him, the Lord of all,
No kindly welcome gave ;
In Judah's land the Saviour found
No shelter but the grave.

4 Then fare-thee-well, thou faithless world !
Thine evil eye could see
No grace in Him whose dying love
Hath wean'd our hearts from thee.

38

HYMNS

- 5 The cross was His ; and oh ! 'tis ours
 Its weight on earth to bear,
 And glory in the thought that He
 Was once a sufferer there.

49 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound, (s. m.)
 Harmonious to my ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear !

2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

50 **T**HE veil is rent :—our souls draw near (c. m.)
 Unto a throne of grace ;
 The merits of the Lord appear,
 They fill the holy place.

2 His precious blood has spoken there,
 Before and on the throne :
 And His own wounds in heaven declare,
 Th' atoning work is done.

3 " 'Tis finish'd !" on the cross He said,
 In agonies and blood ;

HYMNS

'Tis finished!—now He lives to plead
Before the face of God.

4 'Tis finished—here our souls have rest.
His work can never fail;
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We pass within the veil.

5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before the throne we prostrate fall,
And worship Thee, O God!

6 Boldly the heart and voice we raise,
His blood, His Name, our plea;
Assured our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.

51 ————— (P. M.)
NOTHING, either great or small;
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it; did it *all*,
Long, long ago.

CHORUS.

"IT IS FINISH'D!" Yes, indeed,
Finish'd every jot.
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?

2 When *He* from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd to do and die,
Every thing was fully done.
Hearken to *His* cry—

3 Weary, working, burden'd one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease *your* doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

HYMNS

- 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
 "Doing" is a deadly thing—
 "Doing" ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—
 Down at Jesus' feet ;
 Stand "IN HIM," in *Him* alone,
 Gloriously "COMPLETE !"

52

(C. M.)

BEHOLD the Lamb ! 'Tis He who
 My burden on the tree, [bore
 And paid in blood the dreadful score—
 The ransom due for me.

- 2 I look to Him till sight endear
 The Saviour to my heart :
 To Him I look who calms my fear,
 Nor from Himself depart.
- 3 I look until His precious love
 My every thought control ;
 Its vast constraining influence prove
 O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 To Him I look, while still I run—
 My never-failing Friend !—
 Finish He will the work begun,
 And grace in glory end.

53

(8.8.8.6.)

COME, weary, anxious, laden soul,
 To Jesus come and be made whole ;
 On Him your heavy burden roll—
 Come, anxious sinner, come !

2 Behold the cross on which He died ;
 Behold His wounded, bleeding side ;

HYMNS

Come, in His precious love confide—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

3 True joy the world can ne'er afford,
'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,
In Him for wretched sinners stored—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

4 Oh! if to Jesus you repair,
You'll find eternal comfort there!
And soon shall heavenly glory share—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

54

(8.7.4.)

FATHER, bless the heavenly message,
Now in Jesus' Name declared;
Let no heart by Satan hardened,
To the heavenly voice be barred:
Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless Thy preached word.

2 Thou art working for the honor,
And the glory of Thy Son;
Lay Thy word upon each conscience,
Let each soul to Christ be won:
Bless the Gospel,
And exalt Thy blessed Son.

3 By Thy Spirit work in power,
Souls subdue to Jesus' sway;
Speak to each and all assembled,
Let each soul Thy voice obey:
Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless the word, we pray.

42

HYMNS

55

(L. M.)

ON Christ salvation rests secure ;
The Rock of Ages must endure ;
Nor can that faith be overthrown
Which rests upon the " Living Stone."

2 No other hope shall intervene :
To Him we look, on Him we lean :
Other foundations we disown,
And build on Christ the "Living Stone."

3 View the vast building, see it rise ;
The work how great ! the plan how wise !
'O, wondrous fabric ! power unknown !
That rears it on the "Living Stone."

4 But most adore His precious Name ;
His glory and His grace proclaim :
For us condemn'd, despised, undone,
He gave Himself, the "Living Stone."

56

(S. M.)

“REVIVE Thy work, O, Lord ! ”
Thy mighty arm make bare :
Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 “Revive Thy work, O, Lord ! ”
Disturb this sleep of death ;
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By Thine Almighty breath.

3 “Revive Thy work, O, Lord ! ”
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
And hungering for the bread of life
Oh, may our spirits be !

HYMNS

4 "Revive Thy work, O, Lord!"
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

57 "ALL things are ready"—now, (S. M.)
'Tis God who bids you come;
Bring in the poor, the maimed, the blind,
'Tis done—and yet there's room!

2 "All things are ready"—come,
Come all, both bad and good;
The best and worst, both need alike
The Saviour's cleansing blood.

3 "All things are ready"—come,
And taste God's love so free;
See mercy's door stands open wide,
For all who needy be.

4 "All things are ready"—come,
Nor pass that open door;
Too late you may an entrance seek,
Too late your loss deplore.

5 "All things are ready"—come,
God calls you by His grace!
O, turn not from His offered love,
But seek e'en *now* His face.

58 (C. M.)

A LOOK to Jesus saves the soul.
So boundless is His grace;
One look sufficeth every sin
For ever to efface.

HYMNS

2 The thief beheld, with eye of faith
The Saviour by His side ;
He looked upon that blessed One,
Received His word and died.

3 Thousands beside have looked to Him,
Who mighty is to save, [words,
And proved the truth of God's own
"The soul that looks shall live."

4 Sinner, and hast *thou* raised thine eyes
To Christ upon the tree ?
Oh, hast thou said in deep concern,
"He suffered there for *me* ?"

5 'Tis true He died ; He suffered there,
And died that thou may'st live ;
Look ! look to Jesus ! yield to Him,
And endless life receive.

— (L. M.)

59 " 'TIS finished !"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and
" 'Tis finished !"—yes, the race is run, [died.
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 " 'Tis finished !"—all that heaven decreed ;
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

3 " 'Tis finished !"—men are reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled—
Complete salvation is obtained ;
Eternal life and glory gained.

HYMNS

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard by all the nations round.
"'Tis finished!"—let the echo fly
Through earth below and worlds on high.

60

(P. M.)

“**S**TRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted.”

See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected!

Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!

Mark the sacrifice appointed!

See who bears the awful load!

'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of Man, and Son of God.

2 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the rock of our Salvation—
His the Name of which we boast.
Lamb of God! for sinners wounded—
Sacrifice to cancel guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Thee their hope have built.

61

(8's & 4's)

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, [way;
“Thy will be done.”

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
“Thy will be done.”

46

HYMNS

- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved no longer nigh :
Submissive still I would reply,
"Thy will be done."
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
"My Father," still I'd strive to say,
"Thy will be done."
- 5 Renew my will from day to day.
Blend it with thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."
- 6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."
- (C. M.)
- 62 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne ;
There's not a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.

HYMNS

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

63

—
ACCORDING to Thy gracious word, (C. M.)
In meek humility,
This will I do my dying Lord;
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O, Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And should these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Thou wilt remember me.

HYMNS

64

(C. M.)

O H ! what has Jesus bought for me ?
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

2 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

3 Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb ;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable name.

4 Oh ! what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet !

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

65

(C. M.)

O N Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruit that never fails
On trees immortal grow :

HYMNS

There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever bless'd ?
And shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless, I'd launch away.

66 (L. M.)
FAR from our thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let our religious hours alone,
Let us by faith the Saviour see :
We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh, warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire ;
Come, gracious Saviour, from above,
And feed our souls with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

HYMNS

- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
 Let saints and angels join to praise
 The riches of redeeming grace.

67

(S. M.)

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.

- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we must starve indeed ;
 For we no money have to buy,
 No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want,
 Thy hand alone can give ;
 Hear the prayer of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live !

68

(C. M.)

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 No longer dare delay :
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar ;

HYMNS

For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to judgment there.

- 5 Amazing love that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days;
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

69

WITH melting heart, and weeping eyes, (L.M.)
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
To escape the vengeance due to me?

- 2 Till now I saw no danger nigh—
I lived at ease nor fear'd to die:
Wrapp'd up in self-deceit and pride,
I shall have peace at last, I cried.
- 3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

- 4 How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and riper years;
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a guilty wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free, in Jesu's name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
Oh, save a wretch condemn'd to die!

52

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HYMNS

70

(S. M.)

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come:
Ah! why do I delay?

He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

3 Jesus, the hindrance show
Which I have feared to see,
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

71

(L. M.)

LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man,
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again!

HYMNS

- 3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus does his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace
In Christ, to endless ages mine.

72

(L.M.)

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat?
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the said tale of all your care.
- 6 Where half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplications sent,

54

HYMNS

Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

73

(L.M.)

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;

And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamp! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

HYMNS

74

JESUS, I love thy charming name; (C.M.)
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust:
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there,—
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last, laboring breath
 And, dying clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

75

DEAREST of all the names above, (C. M.)
 My Saviour and my God,
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;

56

HYMNS

(C.M.)

- The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

76

(C. M.)

- COME, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps he will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

HYMNS

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

77

(C. H. M.)

GO watch and pray; thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away,
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs, and wasting form
Thou'rt beuding o'er thy tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

68

78

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HYMNS

78

MY heart is fixed, eternal God, fixed on
Thee ; [me.
And my immortal choice is made, Christ for
He is my Prophet, Priest and King.
Who did for me salvation bring ; [for me.
And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ

2 In Him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for
He is the Majesty Divine, Christ for me, [me.
The Father's well-beloved Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone, Christ for me.

3 To-day as yesterday the same, Christ for me
How precious is his balmy name, Christ for
me.
Christ a mere man may answer you,
Who error's winding path pursue ;
But I with part can never do, Christ for me.

4 Let others boast of heaps of gold, Christ
for me.
His riches never can be told, Christ for me.
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day ;
My portion never can decay, Christ for me.

5 In pining sickness, or in health, Christ for
me.
In deepest poverty, or wealth, Christ for me.
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey, [for me.
And pass from this dark world away, Christ

HYMNS

6 At home, abroad, by night and day, Christ
for me. [me.]

When'er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for
Him first and last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song; [for me.]

Convince me if you think I'm wrong, Christ
7 Now who can sing my song and say, Christ
for me. [me.]

My life and truth, my light and way, Christ for
Can you, old men and women there,
With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair, [for me]
Now from your inmost soul declare, Christ

8 Can you, young men and maidens, say,
Christ for me.

Him will I love, and Him obey, Christ for me.
Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,
We'll form a little singing band, [for me.]
And shout aloud throughout the land, Christ

79

—

TO that bright land where Jesus reigns
In all his glory now,
Where music sounds in sweetest strains,
I hope ere long to go.

It's heaven, blest heaven, sweet heaven of rest;
How I long to be there, and its glories to share,
And to lean on Jesu's breast!

2 To see the streets of purest gold,
The garments white as snow,
To pleasures which cannot be told,
I hope ere long to go.

3 To gaze upon the living streams,
Which through the city flow,

HYMNS

Where glory pours its brightest beams,
I hope ere long to go.

4 Where saints and angels robed in white
Before the throne do bow,
Where day continues without night,
I hope ere long to go.

5 To that good land beyond the skies
Where none can sorrow know,
But where the ransom'd share the prize,
I hope ere long to go.

80
LIFT up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home, to die no more.
To die no more, to die no more,
On Canaan's fair and happy shore.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our happy moments to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

4 O, good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the Good Old Way.

HYMNS

81

WHAT vessel are you sailing in?
Pray tell to me its name.
Our vessel is the ark of God,
And Christ our Captain's name.

CHORUS.

Then hoist ev'ry sail to catch the gale,
Who long have plied the oar;
The night begins to wear away,
We soon shall reach the shore.

2 And what's the port you're sailing to?
Pray tell us all straightway.
The new Jerusalem's the Port,
The realms of endless day;

3 Our compass is the Sacred Word,
Our anchor Blooming Hope,
The love of God the main-top sail,
And faith our cable rope.

4 How many are there now on board
The Gospel Ship Divine?
One hundred forty thousand souls,
And all of royal line.

5 Heave out your boat, I too, will go,
If you can find me room.
There's room for you, for all the world—
Make no delay to come.

6 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will o'erwhelm?
We do not fear, for Christ is here,
And always at the helm;

7 We've looked astern, through many a storm,
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now ahead,—and lo!
The land appears in view;

62

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HYMNS

8 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
A city bright appears in sight,
We'll soon be round the pier.

9 And when we all are landed safe
On that Celestial Plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy the Lamb,
For rebel sinners slain!"

83

WHERE'ER we meet, you always say,
What's the news! What's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day?

What's the news! what's the news?
Oh! I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell;
That's the news! That's the news.

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
To set a world of sinners free,
'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
'Twas there he bowed his sacred head,
But now he's risen from the dead.

3 To heaven above the Conqueror's gone,
He's pass'd triumphant to his throne,
And on that throne he will remain,
Until, as Judge, he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train.

4 His works, reviving all around—
And many have redemption found,
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosanna to his name;
And all around they spread his fame—

B

HYMNS

- 5 The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
 I feel the witness now within—
 And since he took my sins away,
 And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day—
- 6 And Christ the Lord can save you now,
 Your sinful heart he can renew
 This moment, if for sins you grieve,
 This moment, if you do believe,
 A full acquittal you'll receive—
- 7 And now if any one should say,
 What's the news? What's the news?
 O, tell them you've begun to pray—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 That you have join'd the conquering band,
 And now with joy at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land—
 That's the news! That's the news!
- 83 (P. M.)
 O, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
- 64

HYMNS

His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.

5 He speaks,—and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved, through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

84

(L. M.)

GOD, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

HYMNS

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at His feet.

3 Our God in Christ ! thine embassy,
And proffer'd mercy, we embrace ;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive !
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live.

85

(D. S. M)

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne ;
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down His heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin ;

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HYMNS

There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in :
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow :
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry :
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

86

(C. M.)

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And saved by grace alone ;
 Walking in all His ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know ;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before Thy throne ;
 We in the kingdom of Thy grace ;
 The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in Thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet Thee in the skies.

HYMNS

87

(6.8's.)

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O, how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear His gifts to own?
Unmindful of His favors prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse His righteousness t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No: though the ancient Dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage;
Them, and their god, alike I dare,
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads His arms t' embrace you all;
Sinners alone His grace receives:
No need of Him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.

68

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HYMNS

6 Come, O, my guilty brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin;
 His bleeding heart shall make you room;
 His open side shall take you in:
 He calls you now, invites you home;
 Come, O, my guilty brethren, come!

7 For you the purple current flow'd
 In pardons from His wounded side;
 Languished for you th' eternal God;
 For you the Prince of Glory died:
 Believe and all your sin 's forgiven;
 Only believe, and yours is heaven!

SS

(S. M.)

AND am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?
 —A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierced by human thought:
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be:
 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd
 And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb!
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet?

HYMNS

Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar ?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there !

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast ?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest ?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell ;
Must come at His command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

5 O, Thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die ;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery !
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
That when Thou comest on Thy throne,
I may with joy appear !

6 Thou art Thyself the Way ;
Thyself in me reveal :
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will.
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

89

AND am I only born to die ?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?

70

(8's & 6s')

HYMNS

- What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity!
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay!
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare,
 Against the fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone:
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The inexorable throne!
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery, or joy;
 But O! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destined place?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies!
 How make mine own election sure,
 And, when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies!
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
 Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way,
 To glorious happiness;
 Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace.

HYMNS

COME, sing to me of Heav'n,
When I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!

CHORUS.

There'll be no more sorrow there,
There'll be no more sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let Heaven begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
O, watch my dying face
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which in each feature plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on Earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 When round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of Heaven, delightful Heaven
My glorious home above.

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HYMNS

91

(L.M.)

- T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
5. Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- Let sickness blast, and death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains:
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

92

(8's)

AH, lovely appearance of death!
 What sight upon earth is so fair?
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe
 Can with a dead body compare:
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.

HYMNS

- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind !
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain :
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay :
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep ;
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free ;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

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HYMNS

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death;
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O, might I this moment become!
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

98

(D.S.M.)

THOU Judge of quick and dead,

Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear;
 Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown;
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the Archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears;
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come;
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"

HYMNS

4 O, may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word ;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O, may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

94

(C. M.)

BY faith we find the place above,
 The rock that rent in twain ;
 Beneath the shade of dying love,
 And in the clefts remain.
 2 Jesus, to Thy dear wounds we flee,
 We sink into Thy side ;
 Assured that all who trust in Thee,
 Shall evermore abide.
 3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound ;
 The latest lightning glare ;
 The mountains melt ; the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air :
 4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
 Amidst that general fire,
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll.
 And all in smoke expire !
 5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
 When nature is destroy'd,
 And no created thing remains
 Throughout the flaming void.
 6 Sublime upon His azure throne
 He speaks the' Almighty word :
 His *fat* is obey'd ! 'tis done ;
 And Paradise restored.

76

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HYMNS

7 So be it ! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

8 Thy power omnipotent assume ;
Thy brightest majesty !
And when Thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me !

95 ————— (4-8's & 2-6's.)

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot !
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love ;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue ;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here ;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

HYMNS

- 5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.
- 7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies;—
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the Pilgrim's journey end:
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast!

— (6-8's)

96 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

HYMNS

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place ;
 But hasten through the vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold Thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight ;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find :
 Our labor this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Sion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven,
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd ;
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God ;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

- WHAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night :
God resides among His own.
God doth in His saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more :
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray ;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead :
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

(7s.)

HYMNS

98

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone, (C. M.)
 Who may be saved—shall I—
 Of all, alas! whom I have known,
 Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
 With whom I once did live,
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,
 A blessing to receive:

3 Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band,—
 Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no,—I still may turn and live,
 For still his wrath delays;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
 From every sin depart,
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus given;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with Him in heaven.

99

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye (L. M.)
 The thousands of our Israel see:
 To Thee in their behalf we cry,
 Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
 And neither food nor feeder have,

HYMNS

- Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died;
Hast died to bear their sins away?
- 6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O, claim them for thy ransom'd ones!
- 7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace:
To these be thy salvation show'd:
O, add them to thy chosen race!
O, sprinkle all their hearts with blood!
- 8 Still let the publicans draw near;
Open the door of faith and heaven;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.
- 100
- J**ESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon.
Oh! He's taken my feet from the mire and
the clay,
And He's placed them on the Rock of Ages.
- 82

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HYMNS

- 2 His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.
- 3 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment.
- 4 The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.
- 6 My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 7 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more.
- 8 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "I AM THE WAY."
- 9 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am.
- 10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 11 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.
- 12 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

101

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshines;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

HYMNS

2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
3. While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
5. Then sail this earth; let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

102

OH! who will come and go with me?
Happy, happy;

I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
Happy in the Lord.

I'll join with those who're gone before,
Happy, happy;

Where sin and sorrow are no more,
Happy in the Lord.

When we cross the River of Jordan,
Happy, happy;

When we cross the River of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord.

2 A few more rolling years, at most,
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast;
There on the mount of sweet repose,
I'll bid adieu to all my woes.

84

HYMNS

- 3 O, may my soul march boldly on,
And never end the blessed song;
O, may I always persevere,
And never stop till I get there.
- 4 O, what a happy time 'twill be,
When I my friends in heaven shall see,
There we will tell our sufferings o'er,
When we shall reach that happy shore.
- 5 O, what a happy company!
May I be there that sight to see,
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.
- 6 I'd little thought He'd be so nigh,
His speaking makes me laugh and cry;
He said, "I've come for thee my love;
I have a place for thee above."
- 7 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land.
My hand again I give to thee,
Hoping thy face in heaven to see.

103

- WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what will it be to be there!
But what! but what!
But what will it be to be there!
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what will it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there!

HYMNS

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there.

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear—
The church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

104

IN the Christians' home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
CHORUS.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is sitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

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105

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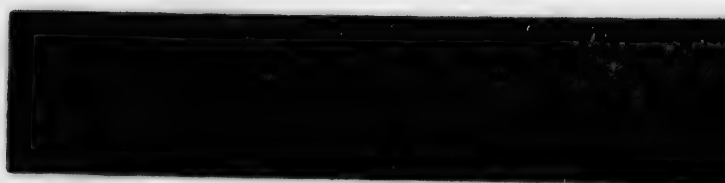
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gates will open for y
 You shall find an entrance ough.

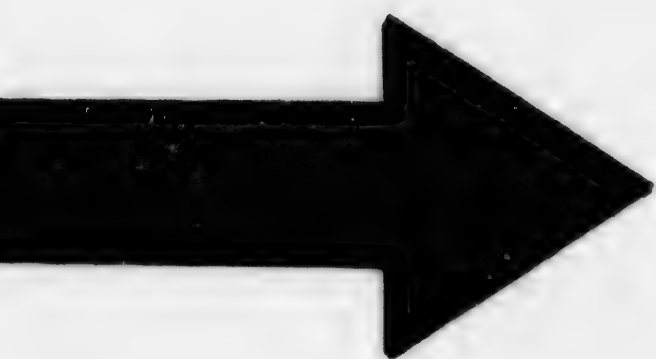
105

I HAVE a Father in the promised land,
 I have a Father in the promised land,
 My Father calls me, I must go
 To meet Him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

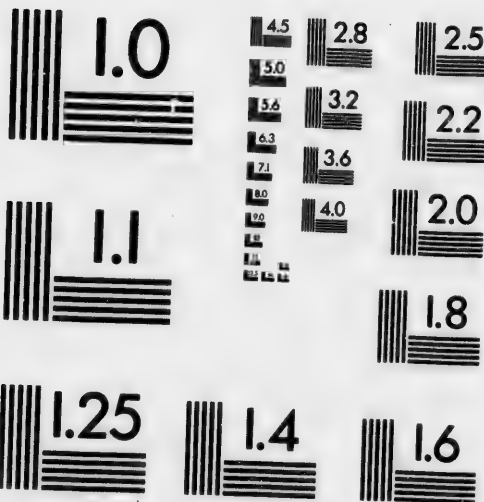
- I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
 I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
 My Father calls me, I must go,
 To meet Him in the promised land.
- 2 I have a Saviour in the promised land,
 I have a Saviour in the promised land,
 My Saviour calls me, I must go
 To meet Him in the promised land.
- 3 I have a crown in the promised land,
 I have a crown in the promised land,
 When Jesus calls me, I must go
 To wear it in the promised land.
- 4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
 At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
 We'll praise him in the promised land.
 We'll away, we'll away, &c.





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OH! do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your Friend,
 On, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your Friend.
 He will give you grace to conquer,
 He will give you grace to conquer,
 And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

I'm glad I'm in this army,
 Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
 Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
 And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
 The battle you shall win;
 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
 The battle you shall win.
 For the Saviour is your Captain,
 For the Saviour is your Captain,
 And He has vanquished sin

3 And when the conflict's over,
 Before Him you shall stand;
 And when the conflict's over,
 Before Him you shall stand.
 You shall sing His praise for ever,
 You shall sing His praise for ever,
 In Canaan's happy land.

107

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
 A land of rest, from sorrow free,
 The home of the ransomed, bright and fair
 And beautiful angels, too, are there.

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HYMNS

CHORUS.

Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

2 That beautiful land, the City of light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

108

THERE'S a beautiful home for thee, brother,
A home, a home for thee;
In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
There, brother, 's a home for thee.

CHORUS.

A beautiful home for thee, brother,
A beautiful home for thee;
In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
There, brother, 's a home for thee.

2 There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
A rest, a rest for thee;
In those mansions above, where all is love,
There, brother, 's a rest for thee.
A beautiful rest for thee, brother,
A beautiful rest, for thee:

HYMNS

In those mansions above, where all is love,
There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,
A crown, a crown for thee;
When the battle is done, and victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.

A beautiful crown for thee, brother,
A beautiful crown for thee;
When the battle is done, and victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.

A beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A beautiful robe for thee.
A robe of white so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.

5 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?

A beautiful home for thee, brother,
A home, a home for thee;
In that land of bliss, where pleasure is,
There, brother, 's a home for thee.

109

—

WE are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

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HYMNS

CHORUS.

We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Tho' the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar;
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one;
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we, too, have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed that vale of shadows
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city,
We shall evermore abide.

110

MY home is in heaven my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when
trials appear? [come,

Be hush my dark spirit, the worst that can
But shorten my journey, and hastens me home.

CHORUS.

Then the angels will come, with their music
With music, sweet music, to welcome me home;
In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones
will stand, [land.
And sing me a welcome to their own native

HYMNS

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow ;
I would not recline upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' own breast.

111

—

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ;
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?

CHORUS.

- Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll.
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er ?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor,
By the fair celestial shore ?
- 3 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet, melodious sound ?
- 4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Torn on earth from our embrace ?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face.
- 5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own ?

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HYMNS

Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
And sit down upon his throne ?

112

'T WAS Jesus, my Saviour, who died
on the tree,
To open a fountain for sinners like me ;
His blood is that fountain which pardon
bestows,
And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.

CHORUS.

For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

2 And when I was willing with all things to
part, [heart;
He gave me my bounty, his love in my
So now I am joined with the conquering
band, [mand.
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' com-

3 Tho' round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass
my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall
toss, [cross.
My hope rests secure on the blood of the

4 And when the last trumpet of judgment
shall sound, [ground,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the
Then, when heaven and earth shall be
melting away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.

HYMNS

5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus my
 head, [led;
 From fountain to fountain I then shall be
 I'll fall at his feet and his mercy adore,
 And sing of the blood of the cross ever-
 more.

113

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges ne'er shall roll,
 Where in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet?
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges ne'er shall roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er;
 Shall we meet and cast our anchor,
 By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the towers of crystal shine,
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed,
 Rolls its harmony around;
 And creation swells the chorus,
 With its sweet, melodious sound.

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
 That was torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?

114

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HYMNS

114

JESUS, my advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of Love ;
If now for me prevails Thy prayer,
If now I find Thee pleading there ;
If Thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray ;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to Thine !

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel ;
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God !

3 Jesu, my heart's desire obtain ;
My earnest suit present, and gain ;
My fullness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow ;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for Thee !

4 O, sovereign Love, to Thee I cry ;
Give me Thyself, or else I die ;
Save me from death ; from hell set free ;
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee.
Quicken'd by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possess'd of Thee, I am ;
My life, my only heaven thou art ;
O, might I feel thee in my heart !

HYMNS

115

WHEREWITH, O, God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?

What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?

Will multiplied oblations please?

Thousands of rams his favor buy,

Or slaughter'd heacombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?

Can these wash out my guilty stain?

Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,

Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve,

Must take the path Thy word hath show'd

Justice pursue, and mercy love,

And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be Thine,

Present for past can ne'er atone;

Though I to Thee the whole resign,

I only give Thee back Thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust?

I nothing have, I nothing am;

Excluded is my every boast,

My glory swallow'd up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before Thy face;

On me I feel Thy wrath abide;

'Tis just the sentence should take place;

'Tis just;—but, O, thy Son hath died!

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;

He bore our sins upon the tree;

Beneath our curse He bowed his head;

'Tis finished! He hath died for me!

96

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HYMNS

9 See where before the throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

10 He ever lives for me to pray,
He prays that I with Him may reign;
Amen to what my Lord does say!
Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

116 (C. M.)
LOVERS of pleasure more than God,

For you He suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you He spilt His blood:
And shall He bleed in vain?

2 Misers, for you His life He paid;
Your basest crime He bore:
Drunkards, your sins on Him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth He came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's Name,
And all your sin 's forgiven.

4 Believe on Him that died for thee,
And sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

117 (C. M.)
JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;

HYMNS

It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
"Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

118

(C.M.)

—

O, GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

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HYMNS

- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O, God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

119

(C.M.)

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;

HYMNS

- And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

120

(S.M.)

- S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged Thce to depart,
For many long rebellious years:
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness griev'd
- 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

100

HYMNS

- 5 This only woe I deprecate ;
 This only plague I pray remove ;
 Nor leave me in my lost estate ;
 Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
 Up-raise me with Thy gracious hand,
 And guide into Thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

121

(S.M.)

- O, MY offended God,
 If now at last I see
 That I have trampled on Thy blood,
 And done despite to Thee ;
 If I begin to wake
 Out of my deadly sleep ;—
 Into Thy arms of mercy take,
 And there for ever keep.
- 2 No other right have I
 Than what the world may claim ;
 All, all may to their God draw nigh,
 Through faith in Jesu's name :
 Thou all the debt hast paid ;
 This is my only plea ;
 The covenant, God in Thee hath made
 With all mankind, and me.
- 3 Thou hast obtain'd the grace,
 That all may turn and live ;
 And lo ! Thy offer I embrace,
 Thy mercy I receive.
 Whene'er the wicked man
 Turns from his sin to Thee,
 His late repentance is not vain,
 He shall accepted be.

HYMNS

4 Thy death hath bought the power
 For every sinful soul,
 That all may know the gracious hour,
 And be by faith made whole :
 Thou hast for sinners died,
 That all might come to God ;
 The covenant Thou hast ratified,
 And seal'd it with Thy blood.

5 He that believes in Thee,
 And doth till death endure,
 He shall be saved eternally ;
 The covenant is sure ;
 The mountains shall give place,
 The covenant cannot move,
 The covenant of Thy general grace,
 Thy all-redeeming love.

122

(7's)

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God His wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face ;
 Would not hearken to His calls ;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt His precious blood,
 Trampled on the Son of God ;
 Fill'd with pangs unspeakable !
 I, who yet am not in hell !
 Whence to me this waste of love ?
 Ask my Advocate above ;
 See the cause in Jesu's face,
 Now before the throne of grace.

102

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hour,
- 3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone;"
Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood!
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.
- 4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads His hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!
- 5 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon and accept me now.
- 6 Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart,
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- ace,
(7's)

HYMNS

123

(S.M.)

O, UNEXHAUSTED Grace!
 O, Love unspeakable!
 I am not gone to my own place;
 I am not yet in hell!
 Earth doth not open yet,
 My soul to swallow up;
 And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
 I still am forced to hope.

2 I hope at last to find
 The kingdom from above;
 The settled peace, the constant mind,
 The everlasting love;
 The sanctifying grace,
 That makes me meet for home:
 I hope to see 'Thy glorious face,
 Where sin can never come.

3 What shall I do to keep
 The blessed hope I feel?
 Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
 And serve Thy pleasure still:
 O, may I never grieve,
 My kind, long-suffering Lord,
 But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
 And answer all His word.

4 Lord, if Thou hast bestow'd
 On me the gracious fear,
 This horror of offending God,
 O, keep it always here!
 And that I never more
 May from Thy ways depart,
 Enter with all Thy mercy's power,
 And dwell within my heart.

(s.m.)

HYMNS

124

(6-8's.)

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, should'st die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The' Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design!
In vain the first-born Seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine!
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left His Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O, my God, it found out *me*!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.

6 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own

HYMNS

125

(6's & 8's)

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!

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126

(a. m.)

DID Christ o'er sinners weep.
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
B.: thou astonish'd, O, my soul !
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

127

(p. m.)

DARK and thorny is the desert, [way,
Through which pilgrims make their
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day ;
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O, young soldier, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way ?
Does your strength begin to fail you ?
And your vigor to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to His throne ;
He who dy'd His garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 O, their crowns, how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore :
They have gone to richer pastures,

HYMNS

Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear;
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

128

(L.M.)

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star—the star of Bethlehem.

108

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129

(C.M.)

- A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept and bled and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch,
That languished at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed ;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed :
- 3 " Jesus, thou son and heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God !
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in Thy blood.
- 4 Yet quickly from the scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies.
- 5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of Thy death,
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.

130

(C. M.)

- W**HAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free ;
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMNS

- 3 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
 Let Christians all agree
 To sing redeeming love and grace,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
 To all in misery,
 And bids them welcome home to peace,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on His mercy seat,
 Before him bend the knee;
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 6 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
 Unto the Saviour flee;
 The Spirit bids you welcome home,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
 With songs of harmony;
 While on the road to Canaan sing,
 This is the Jubilee.

131

(8s. & 7s.)

- C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Raise the mount, O, fix me on it!
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

HYMNS

- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.
- (7s. & 6s.)

132

- O, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with Him above,
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love.
- When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bade me not give o'er.
- If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown He'll give,
And all His valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.

HYMNS

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And O, my friends, be faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
 And trials on your way,
 Then cast your cares on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray;
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith and hope and love,
 And when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

5 O, do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend;
 And if you want more knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend;
 Neither will He upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entombed millions
 From their cold beds arise,
 Our ransom'd dust revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,
 And soar to the blest mansions,
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

133

—

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O, how I long for thee!

(C.F.)

When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

112

HYMNS

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
My study long has been;
Such dazzling views by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence?
- 5 Reach down, O, Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

134 ————— (8s, 7s, & 4s.)
SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love.

Listen to it—

Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

HYMNS

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears:
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed?
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it—
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?
- 6 O, ye angels hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners,
 Glad the message will obey.

135

(C.H.)

- L**ORD, at Thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here;
 O, make our joys the same.
- 2 With what divine and vast delight,
 The good old man was fill'd,

114

HYMNS

When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasped the holy child.

3 Now I can leave this world, he cried,
Behold, Thy servant dies !
I've seen Thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands :
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands.

5 Jesus ! the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms,
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

136

(8s., 7s. & 4s.)

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power ;

He is able,

He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

HYMNS

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him !
Hear Him cry before He dies,
" It is finished ! "
Sinners, will not this suffice ? "

- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture freely ;
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name ;
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMNS

137

(C.M.)

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God ! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Or let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands;
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

138

(C.M.)

THERE'S not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all are glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.

2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home,
Within my bosom swell;
A prayer to meet in heaven at last
Where all the ransomed come,

HYMNS

And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

139

(C.M.)
SINCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

2 The new possessed, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel the Saviour's power,
All good in Him we view,
The soul forsakes its vain pursuit,
Nor seeks for something new.

5 The joys a dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review,
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

140

(7s. & 6s.)
HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul!
Next door to death He found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

HYMNS

- 2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light compared with sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within,
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd ;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain :
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is His grace !)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case :
He gave me sight to view Him,
For sin my eyes had sealed ;
Then bade me look unto Him,
I looked—and I was heal'd.
- 5 A risen living Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death :
Come then to this Physician,
His help He'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

HYMNS

141

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends (L.M.)
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 O, good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

5 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember glory's at the end:
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

6 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

142

O, FOR a heart that loves to pray, (c.m.)
To converse with the Lord,
Fain would I give myself away,
And lean upon His word.

2 O, for invigorating grace,
To raise my soul above;

120

HYMNS

- O, for that heavenly-mindedness
That Satan cannot move.
- 3 O, for that fortitude which can
My every fear control;
Then would the dread of sinful men
No more disturb my soul.
- 4 Lord, Thou canst conquer every foe,—
Thy grace can sanctify:
Amen! O Lord, may it be so,
Let my corruptions die.

143

(C.M.)

- B**EFORE Thy throne, O Lord, we bow,
And humbly look to Thee;
Let worldly care be banished now,
Let all that's earthly, flee.
- 2 Our feeble, wandering minds incite
To ask the things we ought;
And teach us, Lord, to ask aright,
Else all our prayers are nought.
- 3 As the disciples ask'd of old,
O, Lord, our faith increase;
O, fill our hearts, so dull and cold,
With heavenly love and peace.
- 4 Make us our nothingness to feel—
Frail creatures of the dust—
Make us submissive to Thy will;
Lead us in Thee to trust.
- 5 While through a glass we darkly see
Thy glories here below,
Prepare us, Lord, to dwell with Thee,
And all Thy fulness know.

HYMNS

144

(C.M.)

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear all ye sons of men;
For Christ the Saviour hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally depraved,—
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change, we can't be saved;
"Ye must be born again."

4 Spirit of Life, Thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

145

(8's & 7's)

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me th' Autumnal gloom;
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

3 What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy;
Long I've lost all earthly pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once I fondly courted,
Shared each bliss that youth bestows,

122

HYMNS

- But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.
- 3 Age and sorrows since have blasted
Every youthful, pleasing dream ;
Quiv'ring age, with youth contrasted,
O, how short their glories seem !
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease.
- 4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer my drooping mind ;
But they've gone like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more years I've wasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall live to die no more.
- 5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
I must sleep in death's dark night ;
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,
Christ will burst the silent tomb,
Then the saints shall, upwards flying,
Rise into immortal bloom.
- 146 — (8's., 7's. & 4's)
YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well ;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Must I bid you all farewell !
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

HYMNS

- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely!
 Joys no stranger heart can tell!
 Happy home, indeed I love thee!
 Can I—can I say—"Farewell?"
 Can I leave thee—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
 Can I say a last farewell?
 Can I leave you—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well!
 Far away, ye billows bear me!
 Lovely native land, Farewell!
 Pleased I leave thee—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell
 How He died—the blessed Saviour—
 To redeem a world from hell.
 Let me hasten—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
 Let the winds my canvass swell;
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land! Farewell, Farewell!

147

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HYMNS

147

(C.M.)

HOW happy is the man who hears
 Religion's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

2 Religion is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know !

3 More needful than this glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows,
 Nor reputation, food or health,
 Can give us such repose.

4 Religion should our thoughts engage,
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.

148

(C.M.)

HARK ! listen to the trumpeters,
 They call for volunteers,
 On Zion's bright and holy mount,
 Behold the officers.

2 Their horses white, their armor bright,
 With courage bold they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for the fight,
 To march to Canaan's land.

3 They follow their great General,
 The great eternal Lamb,
 His garments stained in his own blood,
 King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
 They drive the hosts of hell :

HYMNS

How dreadful is our God t' adore,
The Great Immanuel!

5 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal son of God;
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

6 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.

7 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire:
And all surround the throne of love;
And join the heavenly choir.

149

(C. M.)

ARISE and shine, O, Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come,
Thy glorious conq'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home;
The trumpet's thund'ring through the sky
To set poor sinners free;
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.

2 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round,
While Gabriel with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

126

D

HYMNS

- 3 The glorious news of Gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er:
The trump of Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more;
The watchmen have all left their walls,
And with their flocks above
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.
- 4 Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run.
Above the clouds behold Him stand,
And smiling, bid you come;
Whilst angels beckon you away
To your eternal home.
- 5 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view!
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu!
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.
- 6 O, Christians! are you ready now,
To cross the narrow flood?
On Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see a smiling God!
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

HYMNS

150

(8's. & 7's.)

MERCY, O, thou Son of David,
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
Many by Thy grace are saved,
O, wilt Thou vouchsafe Thine aid!

2 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Turn my darkness into day;
Straight he saw, and drawn by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

3 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found.

4 O, that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

151

(L.M.)

GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look Thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace Thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, Thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all Thy works and conduct shine

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;

HYMNS

Explore Thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do Thy will.

152

(L.M.)

GOD is a name my soul adores;
The almighty Three, the eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

2 From Thy great self Thy being springs:
Thou art Thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like Thyself appears
Thro' all these spacious works of Thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

153

(C.M.)

THY names, how infinite they be!
Great, everlasting One!
Boundless Thy might and majesty,
And unconfined Thy throne.

2 Thy mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlightened minds:
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds;

3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half Thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

HYMNS

4 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

154

LET others boast how strong they be, (C.M.)
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O, Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first ;
Salvation to the Almighty Name,
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

155

WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth (L.M.)
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance
flings,

Jesus, Thy dear, expiring breath
And Calvary, speak gentler things :—

2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood ;

130

HYMNS

And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Purchased by our redeeming God.

3 Hark ! how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips)—“ Forgive ! ”
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, “ Father, let the rebels live ! ”

4 Go, ye that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there ;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

5 But I'll retire beneath the cross ;
Saviour, at Thy dear feet I'll lie ;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

156

(C.M.)

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies !
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to Thee !
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?

HYMNS

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own ;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

157

WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings, (C.M.)
And wanders unconfined
Amid the unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind,—

2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make us blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering, specious wile ;
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But our Creator's smile.

4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

158

'T WAS in an hour when wrath prevailed, (C.M.)
And powers of darkness rose,
A sudden groan my ear assailed,
Expressing dying woes.

2 I turned, then wondered as I stood
At what mine eyes surveyed !

132

HYMNS

- A Prince expiring in His blood,
And on a cross displayed !
- 3 I knew him, though His thorny crown
Dimmed His majestic air ;
Then I demanded, with a frown,
" What traitor fixed Him there ? "
- 4 No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe ;
When, lo ! his fainting head he reared,
And spoke in words of wo—
- 5 " Cease, wretch, from vain inquiry rest ;
" My cruel murderer see ;
" Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast,
" And nailed me to the tree."
- 6 Trembling I fell, and kissed his wounds,
And wiped the gore away ;
I saw him smooth his killing frowns,
And heard him gently say—
- 7 " Rise ; let thy heart its grief compose,
" Thy Saviour will forgive ;
" He feels the burden of thy woes,
" And dies to bid thee live."

159

- (S. M.)
- NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

HYMNS

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

—

160 (C, M.)
SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God ?

Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood ?

2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults ?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts ?

3 What if his gospel bids us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin ?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are called to win.

4 What if the men despised on earth
Still of his grace partake ?
This but confirms his truth the more ;
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some, that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin ?

HYMNS

None shall reproach the Saviour's name ;
His laws are pure and clean.

- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word ;
Nor ever shun those holy men,
Who fear and love the Lord.

161 ————— (CM.)
FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
"That all religion's vain ;
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds the affairs of men,"

- 2 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought His grace,
Or did His justice know.
- 3 By nature all are gone astray ;
Their practice all the same ;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves His name.

- 4 Their tongues are used to speak deceit ;
Their slander never cease ;
How swift to mischief are their feet !
Nor know the paths of peace.

- 5 O, that salvation might proceed
From Zion's sacred place,
Till Israel's captives all are freed,
And sing recovering grace.

162 ————— (L.M.)
NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear :
No weapons in His hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

HYMNS

- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in His mighty name, and live;
 A thousand joys His lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
 On rebels who refuse his grace;
 Who God's eternal Son despise,
 The hottest hell shall be their place.

163

- (C.M.)
- S**O did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high;
 The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
 "And live!" the prophet cries;
 But Christ performs a nobler cure,
 When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung!
 High in the heavens he reigns!
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
 Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives;
 The Jews behold the glorious hope,
 The expiring Gentile lives.

164

- (C.M.)
- S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard;
 Hear, all ye sons of men;
 For Christ the Saviour hath declared,
 "Ye must be born again."

136

HYMNS

- 2 What'er might be y^r birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain ;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally depraved—
The heart a sink of sin ;
Without a change we can't be saved ;
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain ;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

165

- (C.M.)
- H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 9 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return ;"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst Thou—wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak Thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love—so free—so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore ;
O, keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMNS

166

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound (C.M.)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

167

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone, (C.M.)
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive,—

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragged to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah! no:—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;

138

HYMNS

He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me His grace.

5 I will accept His offers now,
From every sin depart;
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

168 ————— (8's, 7's and 4's)

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,"
"Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears.
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,

HYMNS

- Take the warnings they afford ;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed ?
 Who received the joyful word ?
 Who embraced the news of pardon,
 Offered to you by the Lord ?
 Can you slight it—
 Offered to you by the Lord ?
- 6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay ;
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

169

WHAT is the thing of greatest price (C.M.)
 The whole creation round ?

- That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found ;—
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
 That keeps two worlds at strife :
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it did not spare
 His well-beloved Son ;
 Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
 The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail ?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail ?

140

HYMNS

5 Then let us gather round the Cross,
That knowledge to obtain ;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

170

(C.M.)

LET carnal minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;

Once, I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt Thy will ;
For, if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

171

(C.M.)

HOW happy is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

HYMNS

- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold;
 More precious are her bright rewards,
 Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just,
 Immortal, happy days,
 Her left, imperishable wealth
 And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labors rise,
 So her rewards increase;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

172

- (C.M.)
- H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 "In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day!"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 2 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.
- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

173

- (C.M.)
- W**HAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
 Whatever good we want;
 Whatever man may seek to share,
 Or God in wisdom grant.

142

HYMNS

- 2 Father of all our mercies, Thou
 In whom we move and live,
 Hear us, in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,
 And answer and forgive.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
 Our helplessness we feel,
 O, give the weary soul repose,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
 And threaten or allure,
 By storm or calm, in Thee be found,
 A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances may we grow
 In faith, in hope and love;
 And walk in holiness below
 To holiness above.
- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
 Desire and envy cease,
 Be Thou the portion of our heart,
 In Thee may we have peace.

174

—

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On Thee, Almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

(S.M.)

- 3 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill;

HYMNS

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

175

GIVE to the winds thy fears, (S.M.)
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,

144

HYMNS

God shall lift up thy head :
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

- 2 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou, wandering, own His way,
How wise—how strong His hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.
- 3 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee ,
O, lift Thou up the sinking man,
Confirm the feeble knee :
- 4 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare ;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

176

(C.M.)

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know !

- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;

145

HYMNS

'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

177

ETERNITY is just at hand!— (L.M.)
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 But an eternity there is
Of endless wo or endless bliss;
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
The're gone! but where?—ah, pause and see;
Gone to a long eternity.

4 Sinner, canst thou for ever dwell
In all the fiery depths of hell?
And is death nothing then to thee;
Death and a dread eternity?

178

STOOP down my thoughts that used to rise, (C.M.)
Converse a while with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

143

HYMNS

- 2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
 His pulse is faint and few :
 Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But O, the soul, that never dies ;
 At once it leaves the clay !
 Yet thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts—triumphing there ;
 Or vils plunge it down to hell
 Infinite despair.
- 5 And must this body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 O, for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust ;
 And my flesh waits for thy command
 To drop into the dust.

179

(L. M.)

- V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
 Repent ! thy end is nigh !
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far :
 O, think before thou die !
- 2 Reflect !—thou hast a soul to save :
 Thy sins—how high they mount !
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
 How stands that dread account ?
- 3 Death enters— then there's no defence ;
 His time there's none can tell ;

HYMNS

- He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there!
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day the gospel calls,—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

- (S. M.)
- H**OW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wished to share
In such a happy death.
- 2 "O, let me die," said he,
The death the righteous do;
"When life is ended, let me be
"Found with the faithful few."
- 3 The force of truth how great,
When enemies confess!
None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.
- 4 But Balaam's wish was vain—
His heart was insincere;
He thirsted for unrighteous gain
And sought a portion here.
- 5 May we, O, Lord most high,
Warning from hence receive;
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

HYMNS

181

(C. M.)

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh, his fetters breaks :
We scarce can say, " He's gone !"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansions near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace the spirit's flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

182

(L. M.)

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept !—God's dying Son [bed ;
Passed through the grave, and blessed the

HYMNS

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade,
4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O, earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

183

(C. M.)

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long forever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face.
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMNS

184

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, (C. M.)
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come :
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life ;
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

185

THOUGH hard the winds are blowing, (7's & 6's)
And loud the billows roar,
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore.

2 The billows, breaking o'er us,
The storms, that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariners along ;

HYMNS

Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come, then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast,
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

186

(C. M.)

COME boldly to the throne of grace;
Our Great High Priest is there;
Come, venture to that holy place,
Beneath his guardian care.

2 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Where Jesus kindly pleads;
Ours cannot be a desperate case,
While Jesus intercedes.

3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
The centre of his love;
Where sweet attractions never cease,
To draw our hearts above.

4 Come boldly to the throne of grace;
The Saviour's pierced heart
Is touched, with our afflicted case,
In its most tender part.

5 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
And all our trials name;
In every point our Lord will trace,
That he endured the same.

152

HYMNS

6 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
With all our wants and fears;
The Saviour's hands shall kindly chase
Away the bitterest tears.

7 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
There shall our spirits soar;
There we will pray, and never cease,
Till time shall be no more.

187

(L. M.)

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
5 Have you no words? ah, think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creatures ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be—
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMNS

188

WHAT am I, O, thou glorious God! 6-8's
 And what my father's house to thee,
 That Thou such mercies hast bestowed
 On me, the vilest reptile, me;
 I take the blessing from above,
 And wonder at Thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood Thy love pass'd by,
 And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;
 Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye,
 Thy bowels yearn'd and sounded, "Live!"
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in Thy mercy found.

3 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pardoning God;
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving Name abroad;
 That only Name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
 And all within me shouts thy Name;
 Thy Name let every soul adore,
 Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
 Thy grace let every sinner know,
 And find with me their heaven below.

189

(10's & 11's.)

MY brethren beloved, your calling ye see;
 In Jesus approved, no goodness have we;
 No riches or merit, no wisdom or might:
 But all things inherit through Jesus's right.

2 Yet not many wise His summons obey;
 And great ones despise so vulgar a way;

154

HYMNS

And strong ones will never their helplessness
own,
Or stoop to find favor through mercy alone.

3 And therefore our God the outcasts hath
chose,

His righteousness show'd to heathens like us:
When wise ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodness elected the foolish and base.

4 To baffle the wise, and noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, an impotent throng;
Poor ignorant wretches, we gladly embrace
A prophet who teaches salvation by grace.

5 The things that were not, His mercy bids
His mercy unbought we freely receive; Live;
His gracious compassion we thankfully prove;
And all our salvation ascribe to His love.

190 ————— (C.M.)

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;

HYMNS

Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe :
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

191 ————— (C.M.)
TALK with us Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel,
The kindling of Thy love.

- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil and care ;
Labor is rest and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

- 4 Thou'callest me to seek Thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear Thee only speak ;

- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

192 ————— (7's & 6's.)
GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee.
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free !

HYMNS

Thou my debt of death hast paid ;
 Thou hast raised me from my fall ;
 Thou hast full atonement made :
 My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
 To leave his Father's breast ?
 Pity drew him from above,
 And would not let him rest :
 Swift to succor sinking man,
 Sinking into endless woe,
 Jesus to our rescue ran,
 And God appeared below.

3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
 A man of grief was seen :
 Here, for three and thirty years,
 He dwelt with sinful men.
 Did they know the Deity ?
 Did they own Him, who He was ?
 See the Friend of Sinners, see !
 He hangs on yonder cross.

4 Yet Thy wrath I cannot fear,
 Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb !
 By thy judgment I am clear ;
 Heal'd by Thy stripes I am :
 Thou for me a curse wast made,
 That I might in Thee be blest ;
 Thou hast my full ransom paid,
 And in Thy wounds I rest.

193

INFINITE, unexhausted Love !
 (Jesus and Love are one :)
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrained to none.

(C.M.)

HYMNS

- 2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known;
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never pass'd by one,
Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see Thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O, may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!
- 7 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence;
Deeper than inbred sin,
Jesus' love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.
- 8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of Thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne?
- 9 Assert Thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMNS

194

(C.M.)

JESUS, to Thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On Thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stay'd.

3 What'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On Thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

195

(L. M.)

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames:
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

HYMNS

- 5 What is the creature's skill or force ?
 The sprightly man or warlike horse ?
 The piercing wit, the active limb ?
 All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

196

(C. M.)

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
 Thou dost with sinners bear:
 That, saved, we may thy goodness feel.
 And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore,
- 5 Faithful, O, Lord, thy mercies are !
 A Rock that cannot move :
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure ;
 And while the truth of God remains,
 Thy goodness must endure.

160

HYMNS

197

(C. M.)

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy Name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's Name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

198

(S. M.)

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:

HYMNS

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The Panoply of God :
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array :
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day :
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole :
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed ;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

199

(L.M.)

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain ?—
Or undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord ?

162

HYMNS

- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Softens thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?
- 4 What then is He whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.
- 6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?
- 7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

HYMNS

10 Give me thy strength, O, God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee!

200

(6-8's.)

JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O, instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire
Till thou who call'dst a world from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in thy spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here!
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter:
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,

HYMNS

We ask the constant power to pray :
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

301

(7's & 8's.)

COME, ye followers of the Lord,

In Jesu's service join :
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine :
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want :
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old Tempter's will ;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, " Be still :"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint ;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load ;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint ;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare ;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer :

HYMNS

Till we see the perfect day,
 And each wakes up a sinless saint,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint,
 5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
 And perfected in
 Till we see the Son of God
 Descending from above,
 All his heavenly charms survey.
 Beyond what angel minds can paint,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

302

(S. M.)

THE praying Spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart;
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my peaceful heart :
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppress;
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thy own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace :
 Suffer'd no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

303

(C. M.)

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day :
 To all thy tempted followers give
 The power to watch and pray.

166

HYMNS

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go.
- 5 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
- 6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise."
- (6-8's.)
- WONDROUS** power of faithful prayer!
O, What tongue can tell th' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays;
Let *Moses* in the spirit lean,
And God cries out, "Let Me alone!"
- 2 "Let Me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume!
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces Me to spare."

HYMNS

- 3 O, blessed word of gospel grace !
Which now we for our Israel plead ;
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed :
O, do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name ;
In Jesu's power and spirit pray !
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim
O, turn thy threat'ning wrath away !
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.
- 5 Father, regard thy pleading Son !
Accept his all-availing prayer ;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there ;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

205

(S. M.)

- J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind ;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,

HYMNS

- Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

A H, when shall I awake
 From sin's soft-soothing power,
 The slumber from my spirit shake,
 And rise to fall no more !
 Awake, no more to sleep,
 But stand with constant care,
 Looking for God my soul to keep,
 And watching unto prayer !

2 O, could I always pray,
 And never, never faint,
 But simply to my God display
 My every care and want !
 I know that thou would'st give
 More than I can request.
 Thou still art ready to receive
 My soul to perfect rest.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
 A sinful world to save :
 All may obey thy gracious word,
 May peace and pardon have.
 Not one of all the race
 But may return to thee,—
 But at the throne of sovereign grace
 May fall and weep, like me.

4 Here will I ever lie,
 And tell thee all my care,
 And, Father, Abba, Father, cry,
 And pour a ceaseless prayer ;
 Till thou my sins subdue,
 Till thou my sins destroy,
 My spirit after God renew,
 And fill with peace and joy.

(S. M.)

power,
ke,

HYMNS

5 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

6 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done!
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

307

(L. M.)

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!
2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground;
3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too?
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
4 Earth from afar hath heard thy name;
And worms have learnt to hisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

HYMNS

5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
 Be short our tunes, our words be few !
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

208

(S. M.)

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;—
 O, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

209

(C. M.)

S UMMON'D my labor to renew,
 And glad to act my part,
 Lord, in thy name my work I do,
 And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
 In all things thee I see :
 Accept my hallow'd labor now ;
 I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
 He views with gracious eyes ;

172

HYMNS

Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.

- 4 Stamp'd with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own ; [art,
Well pleased with me, when mine thou
And I his favor'd son.

210

(L. M.)

FORTH in thy name, O, Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd,
O, let me cheerfully fulfil !
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

211

(6-8's.)

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath the shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love,

HYMNS

Our strength, thy grace ; our rule, thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

212

(8's & 6's.)

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill,

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope ;
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

HYMNS

- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight [praise,
 Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit, one and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete;
 And, lo! we fall before his feet
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy footstool fall;
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is All in All.

213

(L. M.)

- J**ESUS, thy far-extended fame
 My drooping soul exults to hear;
 Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
 Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
 With comfortable words and kind,
 Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
 Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
 In every place and age the same?
 Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
 Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
 The good, the kind Physician, Thou

HYMNS

Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though seventeen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last;
And still thy healing power is here !

6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul ?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess ;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow ;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

214

(L. M.)

LET not the wise his wisdom boast ;
The mighty glory in his might ;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man ;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again !

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God ;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
The Lord, my Righteousness, I praise ;

HYMNS

Triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

215

(C. M.)

- L**ET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies!
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

216

(C. M.)

- F**ATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

HYMNS

- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace :
 His blood's availing plea
 Obtain'd the help for all our race,
 And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;
 Our good is all divine ;
 The praise of every virtuous thought,
 And righteous word, is thine.
- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
 The power on thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live ;
 Our God is all in all !

217

(C. M.)

-
- JESU, my Truth, my Way,
 My sure, unerring Light,
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
 My Counsellor thou art ;
 O, never let me leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart !
- 3 I lift my eyes to thee,
 Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
 That I may now enlighten'd be,
 And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
 Out of thy hands my cause ;
 But rest in thy redeeming love,
 And hang upon thy cross.
- 5 Teach me the happy art
 In all things to depend
 On thee ; O, never, Lord, depart,
 But love me to the end !

HYMNS

- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine ;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace !
- 9 O, make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove !
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd ;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.
- 218** ————— (C. M.)
JESU, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run,
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
- 2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun ;
And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run :

HYMNS

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
 The light where'er they go;
 And heavenly influences shed
 On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
 Exulting in their might;
 As burning luminaries, chase
 The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Their healing wings display;
 And let their lustre still increase
 Unto the perfect day.

219

(S. M.)

JESU, we look to thee,
 Thy promised presence claim!
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name:
 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet;
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget.

We meet, the grace to take
 Which thou hast freely given;
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake
 That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
 But O, thyself reveal!
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart

HYMNS

The mighty comfort feel !
O, may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

220

(C. M.)

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give !
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd ;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here ;
But, O, thyself reveal !
Son of the living God, appear !
Let us thy presence feel !

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live !
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive !"

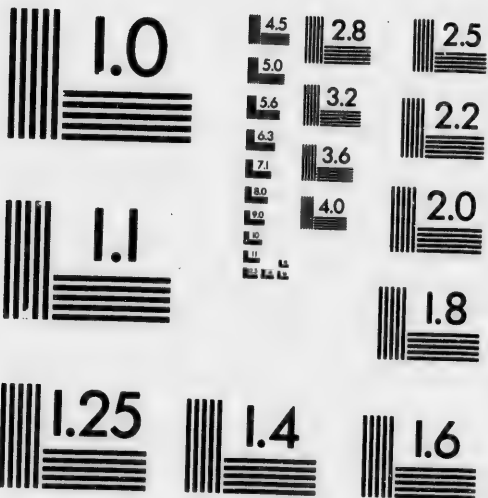
5 Whom now we seek, O, may we meet !
Jesus, the Crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive ;
Speak, and the tokens show :
"O, be not faithless, but believe
In Me, who died for you !"



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- J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep, (C. M.)
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep;
 For, O! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay;
 He seizest every straggling soul,
 As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thy arm;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side:
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.
- 5 O, do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee!
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die!
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

- T**RY us, O, God, and search the ground (C. M.)
 Of every sinful heart:
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O, bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;

HYMNS

- But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord;
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

223

(8's & 6's.)

- E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught:
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.
- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,—
Thy glory if we now intend,—
O, let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

HYMNS

- 3 In Jesu's name, behold, we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.
- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and gates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.
- 5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.
- 6 O, let our faith and love abound!
O, let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine.

224

(D. C. M.)

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name:
To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend!

HYMNS

- 2 We, for his sake, count all things loss ;
 On earthly good look down ;
 And joyfully sustain the cross,
 Till we receive the crown.
 O, let us stir each other up,
 Our faith by works t' approve,
 By holy purifying hope,
 And the sweet task of love !
- 3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
 Ye lovers of the Lamb ;
 And ever bear us on your mind,
 Who think and speak the same :
 You on our minds we ever bear,
 Whoe'er to Jesus bow ;
 Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
 And, lo ! we reach you now.
- 4 The blessings all on you be shed,
 Which God in Christ imparts ;
 We pray the Spirit of our Head
 Into your faithful hearts.
 Mercy and peace your portion be,
 To carnal minds unknown.
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.
- 5 Let all who for the Promise wait,
 The Holy Ghost receive ;
 And raised to our unsinching state,
 With God in Eden live !
 Live till the Lord in glory come,
 And wait his heaven to share :
 He now is fitting up your home :
 Go on ;—we'll meet you there.

HYMNS

225

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O, happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Sion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O, glorious seat! thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence!
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow upon our race
His saving grace, and glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O, Lord of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

226

(C. M.)

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;

186

HYMNS

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh-courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

227

(L. M.)

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;

HYMNS

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

228

(L. M.)

GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O, God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too.
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O, God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

229

(L. M.)

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

HYMNS

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

230

(S. M.)

—

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;

HYMNS

How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

- 4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

231

(L.M.)

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

232

(L. M.)

A GAIN our weekly labors end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend.
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever bless'd.

HYMNS

- 2 This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

282

- (c. m.)
- W**HEN all thy mercies, O, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
 - 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
 - 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.
 - 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

F

HYMNS

- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
 It gently clear'd my way ;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise ;
 But O, eternity's too short.
 To utter all thy praise.

234

(C. M.)

- P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair.
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
 Beheld our helpless grief ;
 He saw, and—O, amazing love,
 He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled ;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ,
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

HYMNS

235

(L. M.)

- W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born !
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he forms anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

236

(L. M.)

- G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest :
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With fainting heart, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford :
My joy, the sense of pard'ning love ;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart re-joice,
And fill the circle of my days.

HYMNS

237

(C.M.)

BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
Awake my voice, and sing
The mighty works or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favor sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

238

(L.M.)

'TIS finished! The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finish'd! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;

HYMNS

- The grand and full atonement made;
 God for a guilty world hath died.
- 3** The veil is rent in Christ alone;
 The living way to heaven is seen;
 The middle wall is broken down,
 And all mankind may enter in.
- 4** The types and figures are fulfill'd;
 Exacted is the legal pain;
 The precious promises are seal'd;
 The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 5** The reign of sin and death is o'er,
 And all may live from sin set free;
 Satan hath lost his mortal power;
 'Tis swallow'd up in victory.
- 6** Saved from the legal curse I am,
 My Saviour hangs on yonder tree:
 See there the meek, expiring Lamb!
 'Tis finish'd! He expires for me.
- 7** Accepted in the Well-beloved,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 I see the bar to heaven removed;
 And all thy merits, Lord, are mine.
- 8** Death, hell and sin are now subdued;
 All grace is now to sinners given;
 And, lo, I plead the atoning blood,
 And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

339

(6-7s.)

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

HYMNS

- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no langor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

240

(C.M.)

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels yearn with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Pour'd out his cries and tears;
 And, though exalted, feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power:
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

HYMNS

241

(C.M.)

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high
 Allow my humble claim ;
 Nor, while unworthy. I draw nigh,
 Disdain a Father's name.

2 " My Father God ! " that gracious sound
 Dispels my guilty fear ;
 Nor all the harmony of heaven
 Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
 On my expanding heart ;
 And show, that in the Father's love
 I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a witness so divine,
 Unwavering I believe ;
 And, " Abba, Father," humbly cry ;
 Nor can the sign deceive.

242

(C.M.)

HOW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin, how deep it stains ;
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word :
 " Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord ! "

3 My soul obeys th' Almighty's call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord ;
 O, help my unbelief !

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly :
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From sins of deepest dye.

HYMNS

- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thy hands I fall ;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Saviour, and my all.

243

(C. M.)

- F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know ;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah ! whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did the only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath ;
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death !
- 3 O, Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power ;
 Now all my wants thou would'st relieve
 In this, th' accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary longing eyes :
 O, let me now receive that gift !
 My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die ;
 O, speak, and I shall live !
 For here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
 Could I but see thy face ?
 Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace.

244

(L. M.)

- B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty :
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

HYMNS

- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.
- 4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.
- 5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.
- 6 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy that blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

245

(S. M.)

—

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the Mount of God:
Steadfast, and fix'd and sure,
His Sion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As around Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

HYMNS

On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares ;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored :
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend ;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

246 ————— (L. M.)

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid !

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there,—
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 This sacred stream, thy vital word,
Thus all our raging fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

HYMNS

- 6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against the threat'ning hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on His faithfulness and power.

247 ————— (C. M.)

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways ;
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay :
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth now my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days :
 O, may thine house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise !

248 ————— (C. M.)

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast :
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;

HYMNS

Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet.
In swift obedience move :
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

249

(8 s.)

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's Name.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

HYMNS

250

(S. M.)

- L**ORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servants' cry;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view;
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
 The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more
 Into thy church abroad;
 And let them speak thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel word,
 The word of general grace;
 Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
 The Saviour of our race.
- 5 O, let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thy all-redeeming love!
- 6 On all mankind, forgiven,
 Empower them still to call;
 And tell each creature under heaven,
 That thou hast died for all.

251

(S. M.)

- L**ORD, if at thy command
 The word of life we sow,
 Water'd by thy almighty hand,
 The seed shall surely grow;
 The virtue of thy grace,
 A large increase shall give,
 And multiply the faithful race,
 Who to thy glory live.

HYMNS

2 Now then the ceaseless shower
 Of gospel blessings send,
 And let the soul-converting power
 Thy ministers attend.
 On multitudes confer
 The heart-renewing love,
 And by the joy of grace prepare
 For fuller joys above.

252

(L. M.)

GOD of my life, through all my days,
 My grateful powers shall sound thy
 praise;
 My song shall wake with opening light,
 And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest;
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all the powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to earth no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise
 To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
 Which echo through the heavenly plains;
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
 Long as a deathless soul shall live;

HYMNS

A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

253

(C. M.)

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides.
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

254

(C. M.)

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

HYMNS

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears ;
And wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came :
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

255

(C. M.)

- COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death ;
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

206

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256

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HYMNS

- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die:
 His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.
- 4 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release
 And full felicity.
 Even now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before:
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs, with glory crown'd,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound.
 O, that we now might grasp our Guide!
 O, that the word was given!
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven!

256

(L. M.)

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
 Which guards these sacred courts in peace
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade
 To fill thy worshippers with dread.
 2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
 Long may they echo to thy praise!
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

HYMNS

3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

257

(L. M.)

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O, Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are
With strong desire my spirit fains
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

258

(L. M.)

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O, happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love!

208

HYMNS

- Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

259

- F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-Seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds—
 The oil of gladness on our heads—
 A place of all on earth most sweet:
 It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common Mercy-Seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no Mercy-Seat.
- 5 There, *there*, on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more—

HYMNS

And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the Mercy-Seat.
 6 O, let my land forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 Ere I forget the Mercy-Seat.

260

W HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Wand'ring thro' this lovely vale?
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

"No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord."
 2 Pilgrim thou has justly called me,
 Passing through this waste so wide;
 But no harm can e'er befall me,
 While I'm blest with such a guide.
 3 Such a guide! No guide attends thee;
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If some guardian power befriend thee,
 'Tis unseen by human eyes.
 4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attend;
 He'll in every strait relieve me;
 He will guide me to the end.
 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale,
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail?
 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend:

210

HYMNS

Thence to plunge, 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.

- 7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel cloth'd with light.
- 8 Cease, my soul, this mourning, crying,
Death will burst the sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.

261

(S.M.)

GREAT God, accept a heart
That pants to sing thy praise;
Thou, who without beginning art,
And without end of days:
Thy goodness is display'd,
On all thy works impress'd;
Thou lovest all thy hands have made,
But man thou lovest best.

- 2 Gracious art thou to all
Who truly turn to thee;
O, hear me, then, for pardon call,
And show thy grace to me;
Through mercy reconciled,
For Jesus' sake forgiven;
Receive, O Lord, thy favor'd child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.

262

(C.M.)

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

HYMNS

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace:
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

263

(C.M.)

- L**ET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

212

HYMNS

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

264

(C.M.)

BECAUSE for me the Saviour prays,
 And pleads his death for me,
 God hath vouchsafed a longer space,
 And spared the barren tree.

- 2 Time to repent thou dost bestow ;
 Now, Lord, the power impart,
 And let mine eyes with tears o'erflow,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 I low from all my sins would turn,
 To my atoning God ;
 And look on him I pierced, and mourn,
 And feel the sprinkled blood :—
- 4 Would nail my passions to the cross,
 Where my Redeemer died ;
 And all things else account but loss
 For Jesus crucified.
- 5 Giver of penitential pain,
 Before thy cross I lie ;
 In grief determined to remain
 Till thou thy blood apply.
- 6 Forgiveness on my conscience seal ;
 Bestow thy promised rest ;
 With purest love thy servant fill,
 And number with the blest.

HYMNS

265

(C.M.)

- M**ERCY alone can meet my case;
 For mercy, Lord, I cry;
 Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
 In mercy, or I die:—
- 2 I perish, and my doom were just;
 But wilt thou leave me?—No:
 I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
 I will not let thee go.
- 3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
 And ever must abide;
 Behold it written on thy hands,
 And graven in thy side.
- 4 To this, this only will I cleave;
 Thy word is all my plea;
 That word is truth, and I believe:—
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

266

(L.M.)

- S**HOW pity, Lord, O, Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live.
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgements grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

HYMNS

- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just, in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

267

(L.M.)

PRAYER is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give :
 Long as they live should Christians pray ;
 They learn to pray when first they live.

- 2 If pain afflicts, or wrongs oppress ;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
 If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
 In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
 Though thought be broken, language lame
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak ;
 But pray with faith in Jesu's name.
- 4 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
 Fear not ; his merits must prevail ;
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

268

(C.M.)

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
 The falling of a tear,—
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

HYMNS

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—Behold he prays !
- 6 O, Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :—
Lord, teach us how to pray !

269

(S.M.)

- I** WANT a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray,—I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

HYMNS

3 I rest upon thy word,—
 The promise is for me ;
 My succour and salvation. Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

270 ————— (C.M.)

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
 In earnest pleading flows ;
 Devotion dwells upon the theme,
 And warm and warmer glows.
 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;
 Hope points the upward gaze ;
 And Love, celestial Love, inspires
 The eloquence of praise.
 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
 Unheard by human ear,
 When God has made the heart rejoice,
 And dried the bitter tear.
 4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;
 All utt'rance faileth there ;
 But God himself doth comprehend,
 And answer silent prayer.

271 ————— (L. M.)

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
 In all the armour of his God :
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
 His feet are with the Gospel shod ;
 2 In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head ;
 With righteousness a breast-plate meet,

HYMNS

And faith's broad shield before him
spread:—

- 3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there
Unless, to foil his legion toes,
He takes his trustiest weapon, prayer.
4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength
Sin, death and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

272

(S.M.)

- PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word;)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
An instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray and never faint;
Pray without ceasing, pray.
2 In fellowship,—alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.
3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the spirit cry,
In all his soldiers,—Come,

218

HYMNS

Till Christ, the Lord, descend from high
And take the conqu'rors home.

273

(C.M)

A M I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

274

(S.M)

I THE good fight have fought,—
O, when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share,

HYMNS

- 2 O, may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past;
 And, dying, find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last!
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
 Just as the port is gained,—
 Kept by the power of grace divine,
 I have the faith maintained.
- 4 The apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.

275

— 13th P.M. 10's & 11's

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright
 Though friends should fail and foes all
 unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us,—the Lord will provide

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied.
 So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith—
 He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
 The heart-cheering promise—the Lord will
 provide

4 He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain
 But when such suggestions our graces have
 tried, [provide

This answers all questions,—the Lord will
 220

HYMNS

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim :

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name ;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ,
The Lord is our power—the Lord will provide

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro' ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side, [vide.

We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will pro-

276 — (5th P.M. 4 line 7's)

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime.
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,—
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

277 — (8's & 7's)

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.

HYMNS

- Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends disown me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain—
 In thy service pain is pleasure—
 With thy favor loss is gain.
 I have called thee Abba, Father!
 I have set my heart on thee—
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and winged by prayer—
 Heaven's eternal day before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

(L.M.)

278 **T**HOUGH in the outward church below
 The wheat and tares together grow,
 Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.

HYMNS

CHORUS.

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

3 No! this will aggravate their case—
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But, to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends—
Some for the sake of praying friends—
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long—
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 O, awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare!

279

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

(C. M.)

HYMNS

- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 Who feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here may you quench your raging thirst
 In streams that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open all the day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

280

—

THROUGH tribulation deep
 The way to glory is;
 The stormy course I keep
 O'er these tempestuous seas,
 By winds and waves I'm tossed and driven,
 Freighted with grace and bound to heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane,
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the sides break in;
 But still my little ship out-braves
 The blustering winds and surging waves.

3 When I, in my distress,
 My anchor hope can cast
 Within the promises,
 It holds my vessel fast;

224

HYMNS

Safely she then at anchor rides
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use—
I struggle, toil, and strive;
Through storms and calms, for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour or more,
As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear;
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star;
Sometimes for days, or weeks, or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As, at the time of noon,
My quadrant faith I take,
To view my Christ, my sun.—
If he the clouds shall break;
I'm happy when his face I see—
I know then whereabouts I be.

8 My Bible is my chart—
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show—
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.

HYMNS

9 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
My plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove—
The Scripture is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.

10 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which dreadful proves to most—
For all this passage go;
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself be at the helm.

11 When through this gulf I get,
Though rough it is, but short,
The pilot angels meet
To bring me into port—
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe forevermore.

281

(8s.)

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me:
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May,
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

HYMNS

- I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind ;
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine ?
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

282

(8s & 7s.)

- S**ISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low,
 Thou no more wilt join our number,
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
 He can all our sorrows heal.

HYMNS

- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled ;
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

283

(7s)

- H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word,
 Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
 Say poor sinner lov'st thou me ?
 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
 3 Can a mother's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,—
 Yet I will remember thee.
 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done—
 Partner of my throne shall be,—
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee, and adore—
 O, for grace to love thee more !

284

(C.M.)

- C**OME Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers.
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

228

HYMNS

- 2 In vain we turn our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers,—
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.
- 5 There's nothing round this spacious earth
 That suits my large desire;
 To boundless joy and solid mirth
 My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd climb the heavenly road;
 There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
 And there my smiling God.

285

(8's)

WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above,
 Will you go? Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go? Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road,
 Will you go? Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 In rapturous strains to praise his name;
 The crown of life we there shall wear,

HYMNS

The conquerors palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre;
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
In the blest house there still is room;
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give their troubled conscience ease.

5 The way to heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.

6 The way to heaven is straight and plain—
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt thy salvation see.

7 O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go! Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell—
Let us go! Let us go!

HYMNS

286

WHEN shall we all meet again ?
 When shall we all meet again ?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire ;
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath a hostile sky ;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls,
 And, in fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnished locks are gray,
 Thinned by many a toil-spent day ;
 When around this youthful pine
 Moss shall creep and ivy twine ;
 Long may this loved bower remain—
 Here may we all meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled—
 When its wasted lamps are dead ;
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

287

WHEN this mortal life is fled, [spread
 When the death shades o'er thee
 Thou hast finished earth's career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?
 Thou hast finished, &c.

2 When the world has passed away,
 When draws near the judgment day,

HYMNS

When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

When the awful trump, &c.

- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might—
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

When the wicked, &c.

- 4 What will soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crown'd,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

When the good, &c.

288

(C.P.M.)

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole.

Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,
And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the mountains pass between,
And whisper as they fly,—

“Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That thou must groan and die.”

- 3 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath!

The Lord of nature only knows
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.

HYMNS

- 4 But will my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be.
No, my immortal cannot die—
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free ?
- 5 Will mercy then her arms extend ?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend ?
And heaven thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear
To drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace ?
- 6 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known—
There is no middle state ;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.
- 7 O, do not pass this as a dream,
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
To poor, unthinking man ;
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow ;
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.
- 8 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way,
That leads to joys on high ;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.
- (L.M. Double.)
- 289** **Y**OUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
You, who in sin and folly live,

HYMNS

Come, hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the alluring scenes of life,
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And washed my load of guilt away,
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now with trembling sense I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth like the spring will soon be gone,
By rolling years or sudden death ;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose ;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 O, careless youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse ;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by—
No longer fight against your God ;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

290

— (C.P.M.)
WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?

HYMNS

- Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought ?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call !
- 3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace ;
Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,
In this the accepted day ;
Thy pardoning voice O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound
And see thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

291

—

(C.M.)

- W**HEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O, that will be joyful, to meet to part no more.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
O, that will be joyful, &c.,

HYMNS

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
 O, that will be joyful, &c.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
 In seas of heavenly rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.
 O, that will be joyful, &c.
- 5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.
 O, that will be joyful, &c.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.
 O, that will be joyful, &c.

292

DELAY not! delay not! O, sinner, draw
 near!

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, O, sinner, to come!
 For mercy is heard not, 'mid shades of the
 tomb;

Yet mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

3 Delay not, delay not! no longer abuse
 His love and compassion; how can you refuse

HYMNS

The fountain that's opened in Jesus, thy God !
O, wash and be cleansed, in his saving blood.

293

-
- T**O-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you be forever blest
And with the glorious Jesus rest ?
- 2** Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ forever reign ?
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 3** Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4** Behold, he's waiting at your door !
Make now your choice, O, halt no more ;
Say, sinner, say, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 5** Your sports, and all your glittering toys, .
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear ;
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
- 6** Why rush in sinful pleasures on ?
Why madly plunge in ruin down ?
Say, without Christ, what can you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 7** O, must we bid you all farewell ?
We bound to heaven, and you to hell ?
Still God may hear us, while we pray,
And change you, ere that burning day.
- 8** Once more we ask you in his name ;
We know his love remains the same ;

HYMNS

Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

294 ————— (C.M.)

- J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O, Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary!
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O, Lord, remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O, Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O, my great Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

295 ————— (L.M.)

I LONG to see the season come
When sinners shall come flocking home
To taste the sweets of Jesu's love,
And seek the joys that are above.

HYMNS

- 2 Hark ! how the glorious gospel sounds,
Inviting sinners all around ;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Attend, poor sinners, to his word ;
Serve him, yea, own him as your Lord,
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy or endless wo :—
In worlds of light with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 5 Come, then, dear sinners, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake ;
This world give up, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companion by the hand,
Take all your children in a band ;
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless, and save them all.
- 7 Then when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his children home ;
On Zion's mount you all shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.
- 8 O what a glorious company !
May I be there the sight to see,
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

296

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest ;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest ;

HYMNS

For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around;
Here is no rest, no rest;
Here I am griev'd while my foes me surround;
Yet I am blest, I am blest.

Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping,—endeavor to shame;
I will go forward, for this is my theme;
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been called to receive their reward;
There, there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Soon I shall be from the wicked released;
Soon shall the weary forever be blest;
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' soft breast;
There, there is rest, there is rest.

297

(10s.)

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above,
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
240

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HYMNS

Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of bright spirits I go,
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass' on be-
 fore, [shore;
 Wait, they watch me approaching the
 Singing to cheer me through death's chilling
 gloom,

Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fail on my ear,
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death with thy weapons of war, lay me low;
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow:
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright with the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

298 (7s.)
WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
 When the death shades o'er thee
 When is finished thy career, [spread,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear!

2 When the world has passed away,
 When draws near the judgment day,
 When the awful trump shall sound,
 Say, O where wilt thou be found?

HYMNS

- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear !
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part ?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found !
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

299

(S.M.)

- H**OW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Believers join in prayer !
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

300

(C.M.)

- W**E journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast ;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

242

HYMNS

- 2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
 Could we but read aright,—
 Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head ;
 At eve it shall be light.
- 3 Tho' earth-born shadows now may shroud
 Thy thorny path awhile,
 God's blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.
- 4 Only believe, in living faith,
 His love and power divine ;
 And ere thy sun shall set in death,
 His light shall round thee shine.
- 5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
 Shine sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
 A pledge that storms shall cease.
- 6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
 By faith and not by sight,
 And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd,—
 At eve it shall be light.

301

(C.M.)

- O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee.
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 - 3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of wo.

HYMNS

- 4 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not His wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 Our peace-branch from above.
- 5 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows bright,
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.

302

(C.M.)

- H**OW vain are all things here below ;
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense ;
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food ;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

303

(L.M.)

- U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

HYMNS

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son [bed ;
 Pass'd through the grave, and blest the
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
 Attend, O, earth ! his sov'reign word ;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
 Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

304

(L.M.)

- A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live ;
 With what religious fear ;
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behaviour here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow ;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,—
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O, let me feel thee near ;
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

HYMNS

305

(C.M.)

- W**O to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down.
- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers,
To meet your God, prepare;
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His vial on the air.
- 3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.
- 4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
And see the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O, where shall I appear?
- 5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:
- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

306

— (8th P.M. 87, 87, 47.)

- L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

HYMNS

- (C.M.)
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 All the tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known;
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
- 307 ————— (C.M.)
- T**HAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
 Thou ruler of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the word,—Depart!
- 3 The thunder of that awful word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
 And yet forbid to die;

HYMNS

To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—

- 5 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

308

(C.M.)

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

30

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HYMNS

309

(C.M.)

I'M on my way to Canaan,
 I'll bid the world farewell;
 Come on, my fellow travellers,
 In spite of earth and hell.
 Though Satan's army rages,
 And all his hosts combile;
 Yet Scripture doth engage us,
 The strength of love divine.

2 I'll blow the gospel trumpet—
 On all the nations call;
 For Christ hath me commissioned,
 To say he died for all.
 Come, try his grace and prove him,
 You shall a gift obtain—
 He will not send you empty,
 Nor let you come in vain.

3 But if you want a witness,
 We have one just at hand,
 Who lately has experienced
 The glories of the land.
 It comes in copious showers,
 Our bodies can't contain;
 It fills our ransom'd powers,
 And still we drink again.

310

(L.M.)

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me:
 His loving kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving kindness, O, how great!

HYMNS

- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned
 celestial; [praise,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of
 The saints, as they flock from the regions
 terrestrial, [raise;
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro'
 heav'n, [given
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion
 Who brought us through grace to the
 Eden of Love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state ! Hail, ye songsters
 of glory ! [above !
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the
 story, [love,
 Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus'
 Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by antici-
 pation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me, when freed from
 probation, [Love.
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of

312

—

FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,
 Your glories I despise ;
 Your friendship I'll no more pursue,
 Your flatt'ries are but lies.

- 2 You promise happiness in vain,
 Nor can you satisfy ;
 Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
 And all your treasures die.

HYMNS

3 Had I the Indies east and west,
And riches of the sea,
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

313 ————— (C.M.)

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Some fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there below the sky,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Nor life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 When I in love am made to bear,
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind it now appears
Thro' fellowship with God.

5 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.

6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And join that blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

314

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HYMNS

314

(P.M.)

WHEN for the eternal world I steer,
And seas are calm, the skies are clear
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
My soul—for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
Vain world adieu.

2 With cheerful hopes my eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The trees of life and pastures green,
The golden streets and crystal streams,
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings—
Glory to God!

315

(C.M.)

YE burden'd souls to Jesus come;
You need not be afraid,
He loves to hear poor sinners cry,
He loves to hear them plead.

2 Ye humble souls to Jesus come,
'Twas he who made you see
Your wretched, ruin'd, helpless state—
Your guilt and misery.

3 Christ is a friend to mourning souls;
Then why should you despair,

HYMNS

Since Saul and Mary Magdalene
Found grace and mercy here ?

316

—

(C.M.)

- O** LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home ?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome ;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury roam,
But ah, my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.
- 5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sighed for home.
- 6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

317

—

TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

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HYMNS

CHORUS.

O, Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan :
O, Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

- 2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the Land of Canaan ;
Look out for me, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 3 I have some friends before me gone,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 4 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 5 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

318

(8s.)

WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.

- 2 Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind ;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hastened to show himself kind.
- 3 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !

H

HYMNS

- How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told !
- 4 " I am Joseph, your brother," he said,
" And still to my heart you are dear ;
You sold me and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."
- 4 Though greatly distressed before,
When charged with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst look up.
- 6 Can Joseph whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did ?
And will he our household maintain ?
O, this is a brother indeed !
- 7 Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,
When laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
- 8 At first he looked stern and severe ;
What anguish then pierced my heart !
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence—Thou cursed, depart !
- 9 But O ! what surprise when he spoke—
While tenderness beam'd in his face
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace.

319

(L.M.)

ON all the earth thy spirit shower ;
The earth in righteousness renew ;
Thy kingdom come and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

HYMNS

- 2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
 Let it opposers all o'errun ;
 And every law of sin reverse,
 That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
 Its richer energy declare ;
 While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
 The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O, holy God and true !
 The ancient Seers thou didst inspire ;
 To us perform the promise due ;
 Descend, and crown us now with fire !

320

(L.M.)

—

THERE is an hour divinely blest,
 Where earth-born cares are hushed
 to rest,
 When angel spirits hover near,—
 It is the holy hour of prayer.

- 2 There is a place my soul loves well,
 Where holy thoughts the bosom swell ;
 There I can oft alone repair ;
 It is the place of secret prayer.
- 3 There is a time to me most sweet,
 When friend with friend can gently meet ;
 'Tis round the sacred altar, where
 The lov'd of home unite in prayer.
- 4 There is a sweet, a lovely spot,
 Where all our toils are oft forgot ;
 And friends and foes assemble there,
 'Tis in the house of social prayer.

HYMNS

- 5 And often, too, I fain would go
Where all may meet while here below ;
The rich, the poor, the young and fair,
'Tis in the house of public prayer.
- 6 But there's a place of heavenly rest,
Where saints, departed, all are blest,
Dear Jesus, may this be my prayer,
That I may dwell forever there.

321

(L. M.)

- S**OFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love ;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats ;
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars ;
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.
- 3 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll
To him who bled upon the tree.

322

(L. M.)

- B**EHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks—has knocked before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely Saviour, see, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands !
O, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

HYMNS

3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
 He will ; the very friend you need ;
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
 His feet departed ne'er return ;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand
 You'll at his door rejected stand.

323

(L.M.)

—

O F Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing ;
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve ;
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given ;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven ;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood ;
 He closed his eyes to show us God :
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan ;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry :
 Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
 Ah ! who that loves, can love enough ?

HYMNS

324

(C.M.)

- O** WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found
 Suited to every sinner's case
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
 Your every burden bring:
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,---
 A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will---O, gracious word!---
 May of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink, for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

325

(8's.)

- R** EJOICE for a brother deceased,
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And free from its bodily chain;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and win.

HYMNS

326

(C.M.)

- H**OW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven!
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven;
 A country far from mortal sight;—
 Yet, O! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 A stranger in the world below,
 I calmly sojourn here;
 Nor can its happiness or woe
 Provoke my hope or fear;
 Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are past;
 But, O! the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above
 With singing I repair;
 While in the flesh, my hope and love,
 My heart and soul, are there:
 There my exalted Saviour stands,
 My merciful High-Priest,
 And still extends his wounded hands,
 To take me to his breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,
 Or hold me back from home,
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come?
 Shall I regret my parted friends,
 Still in the vale confined?
 Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
 They will not stay behind.

HYMNS

- 5 The race we all are running now ;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing heads shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand ;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.
- 6 Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share ;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesu's praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 7 O, what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers
And antedate that day :
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 8 O; would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek :
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me ;
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity !

HYMNS

His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death :
The voyage of life's at an end,|
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